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SEPTEMBER 1957

# The Catholic Lamp

THAT ALL MAY BE ONE

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This is to certify that
John Le Blanc
has given the sum of
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to feed the poor of
Jesus Christ
daily, monthly, yearly at
St. Christopher's Inn
Graymoor,
Garrison, New York
In appreciation for the donor's evidence of love and devotion for the Roman Catholic Religion, the Friars of the Atonement pledge a set of Gregorian Masses to be said at the donor's death for every hundred dollars given.
Lay not up to yourselves the treasures on earth: where the rust and moth consume and where thieves break through and steal.
But lay up to yourselves treasures in heaven: where neither the rust nor moth doth consume, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.
For where thy treasure is, there is thy heart also.– MATTHEW VI 19:21

Every day poor discouraged friendless men come to St. Christopher's Inn hungry, footsore, and weary. We do what we can to take care of their needs and help them back on their feet. Last year we sheltered over 5,000 different men at St. Christopher's Inn and served them over 150,000 meals. At present, with our newly completed addition, St. Christopher's Inn can house 200 men.

Your Meal Bond will enable us to continue this good work.

Each Meal Bond entitles you to a remembrance in the prayers and good works of the Graymoor Friars and of the men who come to us for aid. In addition, for each Meal Bond donated, the Friars will arrange a set of Gregorian Masses to be said either for you after you die, or for someone else after he or she dies, or immediately for someone who is already deceased. This set of Gregorian Masses is our thanks to you for helping us in performing the Corporal Works of Mercy.

If you would like to know more about St. Christopher's Inn, what it is, how it began and what it does, we will be only too glad to send you a brochure.

**Send bond subscriptions to the Father General, Graymoor, Garrison, New York**

# The Lamp

A CATHOLIC MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO CHRISTIAN UNITY AND MISSIONS


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**THE LAMP** is published monthly by The Franciscan Friars of the Atonement, Graymoor, Garrison, New York, and printed at the Graymoor Press, 102 Ringgold Street, Peekskill, New York.

**EXECUTIVE** and Editorial Offices, 102 Ringgold Street, Peekskill, New York. Editor, Very Rev. Samuel Cummings, S.A.; Associate Editor, Rev. Titus Cranny, S.A.; Business Manager, H. T. Murphy; Art Director, Dolores Wisinski.

**SUBSCRIPTION PRICES:** United States and Possessions, Canada and Philippine Islands, one year $3.00; 2 years $5.00.

**Address all subscriptions and correspondence to: The Lamp, 102 Ringgold Street, Peekskill, New York.**

**CHANGE OF ADDRESS** must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Be sure to give both the old and new addresses and zone number.

**SOLICITORS** of this magazine are allowed to accept money only intended for subscriptions to this magazine. All donations or Mass intentions must be mailed directly to the Franciscan Friars of the Atonement, Graymoor, Garrison, New York.

**ENTERED** as second-class matter at the Post Office, Peekskill, New York, under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at a special rate of postage provided in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917. authorized January 30, 1903.

**Unsolicited Manuscripts,** unless accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes, will not be returned.


## This Month

### Christ Among the Doctors

When our Blessed Lord was 12 years old, His Mother, Mary and His foster father St. Joseph, took Him down to Jerusalem to celebrate the feast. For such occasions neighbors used to travel in rather large groups and the children during the day would walk, now with one family and now with another. In the evening they would gather around the family camp fire for supper and bed.

This explains how it was that Jesus was not missed on the return trip until the evening. Mary and St. Joseph in fear and worry returned to Jerusalem and after searching for three days they found Him in the Temple.

The Doctors were amazed at His knowledge. This is understandable because Our Lord's human intelligence is perfect and in addition it is united to His Godhead. However it must be remembered that as a Man, Christ grew in wisdom and actually what amazed the Doctors was that a 12 year old boy should have such a deep knowledge and appreciation of the Scriptures and of the Jewish religion.

### Christmas Cards

Although they are used for only a short period of time, manufacturing and distributing Christmas Cards is an all year round business. Starting in January you pick out the designs and hire the artists, you estimate how many you need, you make arrangements for the paper, you approve the sketches, you check the proofs, and do all the other preparatory work. That doesn't sound like much, but it takes a lot of time and, before you know it the middle of summer has arrived.

Then you prepare the packages in which the cards are to be sent to the prospective buyers and, if you're like us, you begin to mail them shortly after Labor Day, with a fervent prayer that people will like them, buy them, and pay for them quickly.

**OUR COVER:** Jesus in the Temple by Christian Dalsgaard.

This year we have a very attractive assortment, 14 cards with envelopes, in two different styles. They are all religious cards because we have two purposes in mind, first to impress the true spirit of Christmas by calling to mind the One whose birthday is being celebrated, and second to make a little money to support our Seminaries. Although we have increased the number of cards from 12 to 14; the price remains the same, $1.00 a box.

### Your Name

In response to the many requests we have received we are, this year, also supplying an assortment of cards on which you can have your own name imprinted. In the Popular Slim Jim style they convey the true spiritual beauty of the Christmas Season with effective dignity and taste.

These same personalized cards that we are supplying will be on sale for exactly the same price throughout the country in outstanding department stores like Macy's, Bonwit Teller's, Gimbel's, Filene's, Higbee's, and Wanamaker's. We're telling you this, not so that you'll immediately jump into the family car and race to town to buy them, but rather so that you'll buy them from us.

We'll use whatever profit we make to support our Graymoor works. That's an added dividend for you because in helping to support the works of religion you receive the blessing of God.

Write for samples and prices to:

Father Austin, S.A.
Graymoor, Garrison, N. Y.

# lose something?

**a valued rosary . . . a pair of glasses . . . car keys . . . a wallet . . . important papers . . . one or even two diamond earrings . . . or anything else**

## Invoke St. Anthony

**He's the Finder of Lost Things and you'd be surprised how quickly he answers your prayers.**

But finding lost rosaries or eyeglasses is by no means the extent of St. Anthony's power. He is a valued friend who helps his clients in every necessity. Our perpetual novena asking St. Anthony for his intercession takes place every night at each one of our Graymoor houses. Send us your petition to be included among the great number presented at his shrine.

**Join With Us Today**

**A NEW NOVENA BEGINS EVERY TUESDAY**

FRANCISCAN FRIARS
OF THE ATONEMENT
GRAYMOOR, GARRISON, NEW YORK


# Correspondence

### Favorable Report

Dear Father: Enclosed is check in thanksgiving that I promised to send to Graymoor if my intention was granted. I feel that I received a very favorable report from the doctor today. He said the condition was caused by cysts which might be pressing on some nerves and that could cause the pain in my arms. I dreaded to hear his report but feel God, through St. Anthony's intercession, heard our prayers as the doctor ended his report telling me not to worry.

I have sent quite a little money to St. Anthony's Shrine and each time I asked my thanksgiving published in THE LAMP you wrote and told me I fulfilled my obligation by sending what I promised. But I would still like to especially have you publish this intention.

Thank you for your prayers. M.D.

### Apartment

Dear Father: Enclosed is a check for $5.00 for a favor that was granted to me by St. Anthony.

My husband and I were in need of a larger apartment which we wanted in the same building we are now living. It seemed impossible that we would be able to get it. I prayed to St. Anthony to help us for we needed the extra room for our two small sons.

My prayers were answered in a couple of weeks and I'll be forever grateful to St. Anthony and his wonderful work.

Mrs. C.B.

### Boys Found

Dear Father: I want everyone to know what a wonderful friend we have in St. Anthony. He's been so good to me all my life but one night our boys disobeyed and went to the river at night. We searched the banks for miles and there was nothing left to think but that they had drowned without a trace, and had they time to make an Act of Contrition. We promised publication to St. Anthony and said the rosary. The boys were found ten minutes later, safe. H.C.

### Debt Paid

Dear Father: We needed $2000 to close a real estate transaction. Although many owed us money no one could pay us. We just couldn't seem to see any way out. I turned once again to St. Anthony and the Blessed Mother who had helped us many times in our darkest hours. Three days later a very large debt was paid off to us. We closed our deal and still had some money in reserve. I'm sure without the help of my prayers this would have never happened. I promised St. Anthony $5.00 donation and publication in THE LAMP if my prayers were heard. I am also a sponsor and feel that many of my prayers are heard through the many Masses that I share in. I wish to remain a sponsor as long as possible.

Mrs. A.S.

### Sinus Relief

Dear Father: Please print this in THE LAMP as I have promised it to Our Blessed Mother for the many favors granted me and my family.

Just before Christmas I had a sinus attack which was extremely painful. I asked Our Blessed Mother to intercede for me and received complete relief in a few hours.

I thank Almighty God for answering her intercession for me. Mrs. J.M.

### Prayers Answered

Dear Father: Like many others I found St. Anthony through your wonderful magazine. For years now I have been just existing and not really living or enjoying life. After reading several issues of your magazine I decided to ask St. Anthony to help me find myself. It was a few days later before I began to notice the change, but today I am living a full and wonderful life.

Enclosed please find check for $5.00 that I promised St. Anthony if my prayers were answered. I also promised publication in THE LAMP so please help me keep my promise. Mrs. D.W.

### Favors Granted

Dear Father: I promised publication if my prayers were answered. I asked that two very important favors be granted and they were. I'm sending $10.00 as a thanksgiving donation for St. Anthony and St. Jude.

I really enjoy reading THE LAMP. I've subscribed to it for five years and look forward to reading it every month.

Mrs. W.

### St. Jude

Dear Father: I have saved dimes the past few months for Christmas but want to send this $5.00 to thank St. Jude for all past favors he has given me.

If you have room please publish my thanks. St. Jude has been so very good to me. Mrs. S.F.

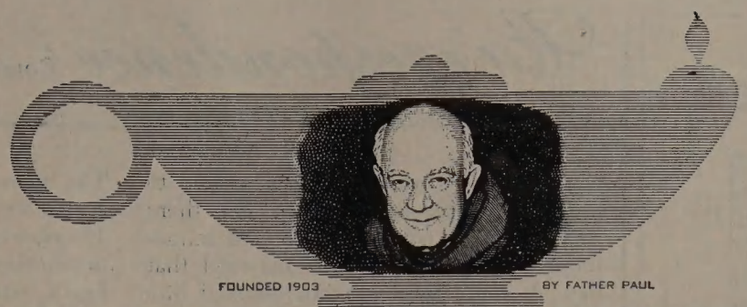
### Quick Answer

Dear Father: I am a convert and only recently became familiar with St. Anthony by reading THE LAMP which

(*Continued on page 4*)

*September*
*1957*

*Volume Fifty-five*
*Number-Nine*



FOUNDED 1903 BY FATHER PAUL



# RED CHINA

EVER since the close of the Korean war Red China has sought diplomatic recognition by the United States and admission to membership in the United Nations. Commenting on this back in October 1953 an editorial in THE LAMP stated:

"Now comes the paradox. Red China, which fought against the U.N., wants to become a member of the U.N. And then the greater paradox. Some of the other nations of the U.N. want to admit her. This wouldn't be so surprising if those nations which want to admit Red China were confined to Russia and the satellites under her power . . . but when England and other Western Powers give the weight of their position to this monstrous proposal, then, indeed, we begin to wonder just how foolish men can get."

The editorial went on to say that though the American people recognized these facts, and that even though the House of Representatives and the Senate expressed their vehement opposition to the admission of Communist China to membership in the United Nations, the current political prediction (i.e. in 1953) was that eventually the United States would tire of the stalemate, quiet her objections, and Communist China would be voted a seat.

Since that time a steady, though somewhat muted, campaign has gone on, endeavoring to make a case for Communist China. It has been pointed out, for instance, that the Chinese Communists constitute the *de facto* government of the mainland; that inevitably in time they will be the only government; that we need their trade; that if we were to grant them political recognition they might conceivably change their ways; and that if they had a seat in the United Nations they might so conduct themselves as to ease world tensions.

BECAUSE some progress was being made in this campaign over the years, and because it was beginning to look as if Communist China would succeed by default, the recent speech of Secretary of State Dulles in San Francisco was exceedingly welcome. He disposed of all the arguments advanced with good, forthright, common sense.

Among other things he said, "On the China mainland 600 million people are ruled by the Chinese Communist Party. That party came to power by violence and, so far, has lived by violence.

"It retains power, not by will of the Chinese people but by massive forcible repression. It fought the United Nations in Korea, it supported the Communist war in Indo-China; it took Tibet by force. It fomented the Communist Huk rebellion in the Philippines and the Communists' insurrection in Malaya . . . It does not disguise its expansionist ambitions."

Mr. Dulles said that if the United States were to recognize Communist China the millions of anti-communists in Asia would be discouraged from continuing their resistance to the Red terror. Moreover, such recognition would give Red China much added prestige at home and abroad and would make it probable that the Communist regime would obtain the seat of China in the United Nations.

THE United Nations is not a reformatory for bad governments. It is supposedly an association of those who are already 'peace loving' and 'able and willing' to carry out the Charter obligations. The basic obligation is to renounce the international use of force, except in defense against armed attack.

"The Chinese Communist regime has a record of successive armed aggressions, including war against the United Nations itself, a war not yet politically settled but discontinued by an armistice.

"Internationally the Chinese Communist Regime does not conform to the practices of civilized nations; does not live up to its international obligations; has not been peaceful in the past and gives no indication of being peaceful in the future. Its foreign policies are hostile to us and to our Asian allies. Under these circumstances it would be folly for us to establish relations with the Chinese Communists which would enhance their ability to hurt us and our friends."

It was a calm, logical, reasoned speech. Mr. Dulles is to be congratulated and we can all exhale one long heartfelt breath of relief. †

*See back cover for details*

## Necrology

**We commend to the prayers of our readers the souls of the faithful departed, and particularly the deceased subscribers and their near relatives whose deaths have been reported to us. Thirty Masses will be said for them.**

Irma Louise Sanders, James J. O'Reilly, Edwin Buckley, Dr. E. Milton Smith, Edith Boyle, Hannah Murphy, John J. Gallagher, Mr. Florenz J. McCrohan, Thomas Pooler, Rose Mary Mollner, Mrs. Matthaw M. Looram, Louise Rey Cannel, Senator Joseph McCarthy, William Smith, Matt J. Phibbs, Nora Maurer, Elizabeth Herrman, Lois Lorraine Newman, Mary Leonard, Mrs. Thomas Sando, James A. Jones, George Friedricks, William H. Parker, Marie Bissignono, Peter Heinen, Joseph Guck, Mrs. Lagvanec, Patrick Rooney, Margaret Voght, Mrs. Marie Hoffman, Casimer Dzeimiela, Francis E. Carroll, Bernard Mundy, Loretta M. Glynn, John K. Harris, Mary A. Purcell, Margaret Garry, Mrs. Thomas Tierney, Daniel M. Cogan, Timothy P. Ryan, Elizabeth A. Mc Laughlin, Mary Laughlin, Miss Elizabeth Baker, Monsignor John Delea, Priscilla Buckley, Frances M. Keicher, Kathryn V. Bestle, Viola C. Hopkins, Ann Small Stern, Mr. Panzer, Thomas Fitzgerald, Mary McCann Flynn, John Selby, Peter Heinen, Stella Kowalski, William F. Piepea, John James Quigley, Stanley Mysliwiec, Fred Colao, Charles Stanley, Sr., Teresa Rice, Dr. & Mrs. John Hughes, Mrs. John Lyddy, Cecelia Chase, James Mahar, Martin Keniry, Ellen Lenehan, W. H. Malone, George McKenna, Hugh Daly, Mary Stronczek, Frank Klaerce, Sister Mary De Sales Cummings, Mary Elizabeth Lessard, Margaret E. Carroll, Grace Scott, Mary Margaret Reith Naples, Albert Breton, Thomas A. Healey, Mrs. Charles Babaz, Mary Lagvanec, Helen Balcer, Regina Lattner, Anna Griffin Murphy, Elizabeth Constance, Isabel Ryan, Elizabeth Shusted, Theresa Carroll.

# Correspondence *Continued*

was a gift subscription. I first prayed to him two weeks ago when I felt there was no one I could turn to and miraculously my prayers were answered that day. A week later I again invoked him for a favor which was granted. I am thankful for the favor, but much more grateful for the faith I now have in St. Anthony. B.

**Sofa**

Dear Father: Last November I entreated St. Jude to help me sell a sofa. I honestly thought this was kind of foolish to ask for a favor of this sort. However, I also promised if he would help I would send $5.00 in his honor and have it published in your magazine, The Lamp. The next day I sold the sofa. It's kind of frightening as I had had it on the market 7 weeks without a nibble.

Please accept this tardy $5.00 and do whatever you see fit with it. Mrs. P.

**Misplaced Abstract**

Dear Father: Enclosed is an offering of $5.00 in thanksgiving to St. Anthony for finding the abstract to our house which had been misplaced. We looked all over and just couldn't find it.

I said a prayer to St. Anthony and promised if he would help me I would have this letter published in The Lamp along with an offering of $5.00 S.A.T.

**Strike Settled**

Dear Father: I am enclosing a check for $5.00 which I promised St. Anthony and The Blessed Mother for a very special intention. My husband was out on strike for five weeks when I decided to make a novena to St. Anthony and The Blessed Mother. I promised a donation and publication in The Lamp if I received my intention. On the last day of my novena, with no hope of a settlement in sight, a meeting for negotiations was called by the Company, very unexpectedly. A week later my husband went back to work with a $12.00 a week increase in pay, and he will receive another $5.00 a week increase at the end of two years.

I am grateful to St. Anthony and The Blessed Mother for this wonderful favor. Mrs. J.F.

**Order Found**

Dear Father: I worked part time in a small candy store before Christmas. One of the girls, a non-Catholic, took a thirty dollar order from a woman and lost it. She did not know the woman's name or the destination. I told her I would pray to St. Anthony and promised to send three dollars to the St. Anthony Burse and have it published in your column. The salesgirl was dubious when I said that I would say a prayer, but less than 10 minutes later she found it wrapped in another package. I believe this gave her a better estimation of prayer and it strengthened my devotion to St. Anthony.

Thank you very much for The Lamp. D.M.F.

**New Baby**

Dear Father: I am a convert to the Catholic faith and believing in my new found religion so very much I made a novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Help for a baby. In November of 1955 our little boy was born but he was stillborn. I couldn't believe this would happen to us and began to lose faith but thanks to God never completely.

While I was in the hospital a very good and kind nurse brought me a St. Gerard medal and booklet. I then began to pray to this wonderful Saint.

Through the help of our dear Lady of Perpetual Help and St. Gerard a new baby girl weighing 8 lbs. 2 oz. came to our house.

Only through the help of the Blessed Mother and St. Gerard was all of this happiness possible.

I only pray that if God should again put a burden on us that we will turn to Him and not away as we did when the first tragedy struck our home.

I hope that one day every mother and mother to be will pray to St. Gerard as I know he will help them if it is God's Will. A.N.

**Nervousness**

Dear Father: I promised publication in thanksgiving in honor of our Blessed Mother and St. Anthony.

I was suffering from a near nervous breakdown. I was hospitalized for six weeks and all seemed hopeless. I had fallen away from the Church and wanted to go back but didn't know how to go about it.

I prayed very hard to Our Blessed Mother to pray to Our Lord for me and ask His help. Almost at once my prayers were answered. Through an examination and Xray the doctors found I had a tumor on the back of my neck and now that the tumor has been removed I feel like a new person.

I have gone back to my Faith once again.

Sometimes we must suffer to see how wonderful and powerful prayers really are and if we have faith and trust in Our Blessed Mother and the saints, with Our Lord to help us, we will always find the way and the right path to follow. I have, and am very happy again. K.L.G.

If you have promised publication and your letter does not appear, do not become upset or worried. You keep your promise once you send us the letter and give us permission to publish it.



*Graymoor Gift Annuity Plan*

Here's a lay apostolate that can be all your own. As you read your daily newspaper breathe a prayer, either a short *Hail Mary* or a *My Jesus, mercy*, for the hosts of people mentioned in it.

# *Sanctify the News*

*by* MADELEINE SCHLITZER

WOULD you like a lay apostolate all your own? Here's one! And it won't take much of your time. In fact, you won't even have to set aside any special time for it. But, you may ask, would it be far-reaching? Vital? Soul-saving?

Yes—to all those questions. And what's more, neither dull nor repetitious, but different every day!

Entered into with a will, it could be as stimulating and exciting as your favorite pastime, and be spiritually rewarding to yourself and others too.

We're all more or less in the habit of praying for those who are close to us, such as families, friends and benefactors; and pray for them we should. Most of us like to include everybody in the world too, now and then. It makes us feel magnanimous. But we're apt to lump them together in package deals when we do. For example, we name "all those in agony who are to die this day," or "all those behind the Iron Curtain," or "all fallen aways," or just "all poor sinners" in general, which pretty well covers the field. And pray for all of these we should, as well as any others of the needy we can think of while we're at it.

IT'S generous to be all-inclusive, but you must admit it's a rather cold and impersonal business. Wouldn't you like to have a few of those "poor souls" or "missionaries" or "sinners" trotted out before you so you could see what they look like? What nationality they are? Whether male or female? Old or young? Fat or thin?

Well, here they are—in a daily, sometimes illustrated, parade of people. You become the unseen bystander, watching the whole proceedings, and johnny-on-the-spot to offer instant prayers at almost the exact time of their actual need.

How? By reading your daily newspaper!

There it is—your own unlimited opportunity to come to the immediate assistance of a host of people, both living and dead.

Screaming headlines as well as smallest print ask for your help as you read. That help can take the form of a simple Hail Mary, or a heartfelt ad lib can do the trick when directed to a particular target.

THE front page news alone should inspire our most fervent prayers to the Almighty to keep us from wars, cold or hot. The maniacal persecutions of millions of oppressed human beings should be enough to evoke spontaneous pleas in their behalf. There are continual acts of God and nature, economic disasters, political uprisings, all sorts of catastrophic reasons which cause man to cry out in fear or pain. For every crime reported on the printed page we can pray—even twice if we choose—once for the innocent; once for the guilty. We can ask help as we read of a traffic accident, not only for the victims but also for prevention of future fatalities. Let's face it. Much of our daily news is depressing, making its perusal a recurringly sorry business. But why let it end there? Here you have a chance to do something about it. You're (*Cont. on page 22*)

*See back cover for details*

# To be frank... I spank

Amateur psychologists often give confusing advice that brings a great deal of mental anguish to conscientious parents

ONCE upon a time an impoverished Roman widow, when asked of her wealth proudly pointed to her two sons and said "These are my jewels."

In today's society it is doubted that she would make such an unsophisticated remark. For as quickly as she did people around her would murmur "Over protective woman, sublimating her love for her lost husband in the children obviously nourishing an oedipus complex in them."

This Roman matron might also find, were she around today, that of all times to raise children, this is surely the worst. Not because of the incidence of delinquency; not because of easier temptations or the faster pace but because we are surrounded, day and night, with the amateur psychoanalyst, the five cent Freud, the neurosis namers, the complex callers and the fetish finders. On all sides, in the newspapers, magazines, radio and TV we are barraged with the jargon of psychiatry.

To parents this drum beat of advice, much of it conflicting, most of it confusing, brings a great deal of mental anguish. For today when Junior heaves a rock through a window you don't just wallop junior's behind to teach him a lesson. Horrors! After all, his act might be symbolic of repressed hostility. To strike him is to unleash your own repressions.

Amusing? Unfortunately little of it is. For it also paints every innocent act of childhood with the broad brush of sexuality. That includes throwing a rock through a window. It leaves you a little sad and a little sick. For it is not the application of a medical science by experts but the reckless use of the language of that science by amateurs.

And it is contagious. It is insidiously so. When my son has a pain in his stomach I do not diagnose

it as appendicitis and then proceed to use the kitchen knife on him. I take him to a doctor. Yet I catch myself, along with many other parents in my set, applying all sorts of half-baked notions to a simple act like fear of the dark or a fist fight or anything else, normal in growing children. I have to stop myself to see how ridiculous it has become.

UNFORTUNATELY many people have become so alarmed by all this nonsense that they do not stop. They lose their objectivity. They believe in free expression. They do not want to cause repressions in their children. And the children show it. Deprived of a normal, natural desire for a center of authority—for a discipline which both teaches them and gives them directions—they become disoriented, worried, confused or hopelessly wild. How many of the delinquency cases which come out of the middle and upper income families have their origin in such drivel? I say quite a few.

I have a great deal of respect for the medical profession and that includes the relatively young branch of psychiatry. I do not profess to understand its inner workings any more than I understand the inner workings of astronomy or paleontology. As I get it, it is beamed toward the prevention and cure of mental illness. But mental illness like physical illness has definite symptoms; among them is behavior so far and consistently from the normal as to warrant attention. And even that is an inadequate definition—for many of our greatest men have displayed what might be termed behavior different from the norm.

THE very fact that psychiatry is still a young and inexact science has led to this abuse by those not qualified to discuss it. That and the fact that, for a time, it was fashionable to talk of one's neuroses and complexes. We were given a picture of smart and well to do people being psycho-analyzed as if it were the thing to do; as if you were gauche if you hadn't. The next step was the inevitable popularization of the subject. After that everyone had picked up the terms. Ultimately they settled on the children and their problems in behavior, or behaviorism as they delight in calling it.

I have four normal, healthy children. (I can hear them saying all ready "Ah ha what makes him so sure they are normal, in fact what is normalcy, how does he gauge deviations from the mean?"). I recognize that there is such a thing as applied psychology, and applied common sense, in dealing with children, and my wife and I attempt to use it as we see fit. We reward good behavior; we punish bad. We attempt to make sure they know the differences between the two and the reasons for the differences. But when the punishment must come, it is not a lecture on the Unfortunate Aspects of Anti-Social behaviorism. It is often a wallop on the rear end, the severity of which varies with the offense.

I recognize that this admission already closes some doors to me and marks me as a monster behind others. On the other hand my wife and I happen to love our children a great deal and I think we have a love-filled and happy and family centered home. If the spankings that are occasionally necessary has diminished that it is not evident. Nor do I believe that physical punishment is the only effective kind—in fact it is normally perhaps the least effective—but there are occasions when its impact can be achieved in no other way.

I have also observed in homes ruled by slavish devotion to the diluted, digested and condensed psychiatry represented by an occasional tome from The Book Of The Month Club or the woman's magazines there does not seem to be as much one-ness or fun-ness. Yet these should be among the most well adjusted (a favorite term) homes.

SOMEWHERE I read of a new born baby whose mother had died in childbirth. The infant was not thriving despite all the care it received in a modern hospital. Then a wise old doctor wrote the prescription that the baby was to be picked up and loved several times a day. After that the infant got along fine. The amateur head thumpers might have diagnosed it differently. They might have said it was a sub-conscious death wish induced by aggravation at a society that had removed its mother. They might even be right. The old doctor didn't know about such things. But he had a cure.

I believe his cure for the infant is the key to the cure for most problems of raising children or of everyday living. A well loved child in a happy home does not normally develop into a psychotic. He usually develops into a normal, healthy adult. There are bumps and bruises along the way but they are not particularly significant whether they are psychical or emotional ones. It's all part of living.

Heaven only knows how much damage to normal human relationship has been done by this nonsense. When the Caine Mutiny was published, digested, filmed, done as a stage play and then again on television how many laymen suddenly became experts on paranoia and decided that the C.O. of their wartime outfit had been a Queeg? How many supervisors, executives and managers became a paranoic Queeg to their employees? How many parents must shudder at the plot of The Bad Seed wherein a sweet little girl is actually a horrible murderess and wonder whether their little daughter might be at this (*Cont. on page* 20)

*by* JOHN J. RYAN

*See back cover for details*

*Graymoor in Japan.* In this department we will tell the readers of THE LAMP the many problems that confront us each month

# *Graymoor In Japan*

Conducted by

Fr. Titus Cranny, S.A.

FATHER PACIFICUS GOES TO GORA. The latest addition to the Japanese missions, Father Pacificus, put aside his books of grammar and syntax and pronunciation to begin his duties at his first mission, St. John the Baptist Church, Gora. From a scenic point of view it is the most beautiful of the Friars' missions.

Gora is a small city 50 miles from Yokohama, that swells with travellers during the vacation season. They come particularly from Tokyo and Yokohama. Inns and hotels dot the landscape and they are crowded with visitors much of the time.

The people are poor, most of them, and depend upon the tourists and visitors for their livelihood. Their homes are huddled in the valleys or are clinging to some mountain slope. Father Pacificus has about 100 Catholics in his parish and hopes, with God's help and the intercession of Our Lady that it may be abundantly increased.

* * *

ST. PHILIP OF JESUS. *Possibly the youngest friar on the Franciscan list of saints is St. Philip of Jesus, who was born in Mexico, entered the order in the Philippine Islands, and died a martyr at the age of 25 in Japan.*

*He first entered the Friars Minor in Mexico City but did not persevere. Then his father sent him with a large stock of goods to the Philippines, where he suddenly realized the folly of his life and entered the Order again at Our Lady of the Angels friary in Manila and took his vows in 1594.*

*Arrangements were made to have him return to Mexico two years later. He boarded the ship,* St Philip, *with some other religious but a storm drove the vessel to Japan. During the storm Philip saw a white cross over Japan; it then became red and remained so. It was a sign of the coming martyrdom. He was taken captive with other friars and Jesuit fathers in December, 1596. In February of the following year they were all crucified outside the city of Nagasaki and became the first fruits of the faith in that nation.*

*Devotion to St. Philip is strong in Mexico, and especially in Mexico City, of which he is the patron. During the reign of the Spaniards, his feast was kept with great solemnity in New Mexico, California, and Texas. There is a settlement in Arizona named after him.*

*In the Franciscan Order his feast is kept with that of St. Peter Baptist and companions on February 5.*

* * *

**From Tsurumi to Gora.** The first trip from the friars' central house in Tsurumi to Gora is really an adventure. One takes an express train from Yokohama to Odawara, trying to squeeze on the car with hundreds of others. At this partial destination, he takes a cable car into the Hakone Mountains, riding it for almost an hour as it swings back and forth up the mountains rising higher and higher over trestles where icy streams rush down the sides, and through dark tunnels when time seems almost to stand still.

Then comes the stop at Gora and one's visit to the mission. It was built six years ago, the third to be erected by the Friars in Japan.The church will hold about 150 people and has a choir loft, sacristy and a large room which can be used as a parish library and two smaller rooms are used for parish meetings and catechism.

The rectory is an older structure, having been built about forty years ago and the first in the area. It is of one storey style with several sections to it, so that it has become a combination rectory and retreat house. The section used for retreatants will accommodate about 25-30 people—according to Japanese accommodations (not like our own, you know).

* * *

## Japanese Articles

**CHOOCHIN is a lantern for which the Japanese people are widely known. Though these lanterns are no longer used for ordinary lighting, they are used for festivals and holidays especially the Obon which honors the dead. They vary in size and shape greatly and can often be folded into very small parcels.**

**NISHIJIN ORI. This is a particular cloth used for making sashes (obi) worn with a woman's kimono. They are usually very long and are wound several times around the waist. When Queen Elizabeth II was crowned, the Arbishop of Westminister wore a vestment of Nishijin material.**

**KOKESHI NINGYO (wooden doll). These items are among the most popular souvenirs in the country and vary in size from very small to extremely large. The head of the doll is supported on a little peg so that it can move back and forth. Whether the doll is an inch high or three feet high, the same technique is used in making them and they all look quite the same—without any arms or legs. They are definitely the "walking and talking" dolls that American children like so well.**

* * *

THE ORPHANAGE NEARBY. *About four blocks from our church (we say* cho *for block in Japanese) is an orphanage conducted by the Sisters of St. Paul of Chartres, who also teach at the school in Tsurumi. All of them are Japanese except one Irish Sister who takes care of the music for Mass, looks after the chapel, and conducts some of the catechetical work among the people.*

* * *

MISSION PRAYERS. We urge our readers to pray for Fr. Pacificus and his people, for those who have entered the Church, and the hundreds in the area who are still non-Catholics, as well as the thousands who came to this resort area. We urge them to pray for the salvation of many souls here, not only at Gora, but in every one of the other missions where our friars live and work. How true are the words of a priest: "Nothing matters except the salvation of souls. . . ."

# send for these 14 beautiful

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$1.00 FOR ALL FOURTEEN

Including envelopes

The Friars of the Atonement once again present their selections of Christmas Cards. All in six gorgeous colors, with beautiful Nativity scenes and appropriate Christmas Greetings.

Christmas is the day that God came down from Heaven to bring to earth tidings of great joy: it is the day on which Jesus was born; it is the day on which the Angels sang of peace: it is the day on which the lovely Lady Mary first took her Baby and her God into her arms and pressed Him to her tender, virginal breast.

It is fitting that on this day of days you should send warm greetings and best wishes to all your relatives, friends and acquaintances. But do not forget to let your greetings breathe the spirit of the day. Let your Christmas Cards proclaim your Christian faith and belief. Let them spread the spirit of Christmas as one of love—love of God for men and love of man for one another.

We have chosen these cards because they keep Christ in Christmas. Every one of them treats some aspect of the Birth of Our Lord and stresses the spiritual message of the coming of the Savior.

Furthermore, whatever is realized from the sale of these beautiful Christmas Cards enables the Franciscan Friars of the Atonement to train young men who will extend the Christian faith in their mission fields.

Send for one or more boxes of these beautiful six-color Christmas Cards now.

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**FRIARS OF THE ATONEMENT, GRAYMOOR, GARRISON, NEW YORK**

# WHAT SUPERSTITION

*by* ELEANOR M. MARSHALL

WHEN someone insists, "I haven't a superstitious bone in my body," they are probably stating what they believe to be a fact. And yet if you delve far enough into what they do, and what they avoid doing, so as to be on the "safe side," you may find they are just like you and me—inclined to shy away from starting a long trip or any important job on Friday or upon the 13th, of shivering because a black cat crossed our paths, or a dog howled or—. (There's so many superstitions that everyone can choose at least one that makes them shrink, shirk and shudder, so you can make your own selection).

One that everyone knows is that 13 is unlucky. Some authorities say the basis for this is the Last Supper which had 13 at the table, one of whom was there to get thirty pieces of silver for betraying Jesus. Such a terrible deed was enough to make the number 13 one that is still avoided. For many hotels and public buildings do not have a thirteenth floor. Because people prefer living in "luckier" floors and Floor 13 might prove something of a white elephant, the architects and planners simply skip from 12 to 14 when numbering the floors as their concession to "not having a superstitious bone."

Even some of our most modern hostesses will blanch and mumble despairingly, "Who can I get to fill in?" when somebody upsets the seating arrangements and that appalling number 13 stands a chance of being at even the most important social functions.

THE ruses which have been used to "round out the table" sound as if such hostesses took their Bible seriously enough to "Call in the laborers in the fields and the beggars of the highway so that my house may be filled," at least with 14!

Yet this supposedly unlucky 13 seems to have done all right by our country. For 13 tiny states strewn along the Atlantic coast beset by starvation and living under the constant threat of mutilation and death by Indians, have expanded into 48 states of the most powerful and wealthy country in the world. And our forefathers must have thought that 13 had something to do with such growth and prosperity. For they have set somewhat of a record in strewing 13's about where they should be noticed.

When you look at the great seal of our country closely, you will notice that there are 13 stars, 13 stripes, 13 arrows in the eagle's talon, 13 clouds in the glory, 13 letters in the motto, 13 laurel leaves, 13 berries on the branch, 13 feathers in the left wing, 13 feathers in the right wing, 13 feathers in the tail and a recap of all these counts will reveal that they deliberately repeated 13 just 13 times! If such bold violation of a reputedly unlucky number worked for private individuals as well as it has for our nation, 13 soon would be vying with the 4-leaf clover and horse shoes as a symbol of good fortune.

IF it is Friday that causes chills to chase up your spine, there is an explanation going as far back in history as does that "awful 13." Because Christ was crucified on Friday, it certainly was the most unlucky day ever to dawn.

Yet if you delve into history, you will find that Friday is the luckiest day in our history. For that is the day on which Columbus sailed for America on August 3, 1492. Just two months later on October 12, he discovered America. On November 22, 1493 on yet a fourth Friday, he again landed on our shores. On June 12 the next year on a Friday, the mainland of South America was discovered. Henry VII commissioned Cabot on Friday, March 5 in 1496, for the voyage that discovered North America because Columbus landed much further south among islands and did not reach the continent. The oldest city, St. Augustine in Florida, was founded September 7, 1565, another Friday. The Pilgrims

What do you do when a black cat crosses your path, or when you break a mirror, or spill salt, or walk under a ladder, or find a horse shoe or a four leaf clover? And why do you do it?

# BOTHERS YOU?

landed in the harbor of Provincetown on Friday, November 10, 1620, and our first president not only was born on this supposedly unlucky day but almost every important act of his long life took place on Friday.

FOR President Washington was commissioned a Lieutenant-Colonel on Friday, took command of the Army of Virginia on Friday, was elected Commander-in-Chief on Friday, established the United States Marine Corps on Friday, won Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga on Friday, fought the Battle of Princeton on Friday and won the victory over Cornwallis at Yorktown also on Friday.

Even peace did not stop this eventful day from continuing to work toward the success of our first great leader. Because Washington was elected president of the Constitutional Convention on Friday. He created the War Department on this same day, also the State Department and appointed his first cabinet officer, (Alexander Hamilton), too. It was on Friday that he proclaimed the first national Thanksgiving, established the Federal Capital and laid the cornerstone of the White House. He even completed his last presidential term and accepted his second commission as Commander-in-chief on more Fridays! If he had associated this day with misfortune as so many people have done, he would have chosen other days of the week on which to start, or to finish, many of these highly important events over which he had control.

THE fallacy of attaching luck or mishap with a day and a number, both of which had been closely associated with the worst calamity that befell the human race when the innocent Son of God was executed without cause, is given with some detail in the hope of proving that the significance attached to supposedly lucky, or unlucky, (*Cont. on page 22*)

Nobody knew very much about the little old lady the neighbors called Aunt Sophie. She seemed a bit queer running off to church with her hat flopping up and down when the storm clouds gathered.

# Aunt Sophie's

*by* ELMORE HOUSEWORTH

THE day Aunt Sophie died, nobody at our supper table said much. Not that we were in the least bit sorry about the old lady's death. It was just that my sister Marge had dared to say right after grace, "I wonder who she left her money to?" Then I, like the proverbial bull in a china shop, had said, "Probably to 'The Underprivileged Stamp-Collectors of America'."

Pop jumped to his feet, threw his napkin down on top of his mashed potatoes and sauerkraut, and propped his hands on the edge of his place like Father Steinemann in the pulpit on Sunday morning.

When Ann allowed a smothered giggle to come out for a little air, the blood in Pop's body rushed to his face and bald head. Slowly he sucked in all the available air in the room and just as slowly he hissed out these words from the Bible: "Six things there are, which the Lord hateth, and the seventh his soul detesteth. . . ." Pop's voice began to gather volume and the last phrase boomed around our kitchen like a cannon shot, "him that soweth discord among brethren."

Even though Pop, after he sat down, tucked the mashed potato, sauerkraut-lined napkin into his shirt front, nobody laughed, giggled, or said anything. We ate.

Pop ate, too, with plenty of extra loud slurps and smacks which were to remind everybody that he was still at the table and that he meant what he said. The rest of us ate without any noise at all, not even scraping our forks, to let Pop know we knew that he meant what he said.

IT was at least three minutes after Pop had left the table and was sitting in his usual chair on the front porch with his pipe and the evening paper before anyone said anything.

Ann, our dreamer, said, "Who knows? Maybe she left it all to us. After all, Pop always made us act polite to her even when all the other kids in the block were calling her 'Aunt Whacky.'"

"Yeah," John said, "I even carried her groceries for her once in a while."

"That will be enough children," Mother, as usual, was quiet and calm. "Poor Aunt Sophie had a very hard life. Losing her only child, and then her husband, and all these years and years of being alone with nobody in the whole world to care if she lived or died. . . . It's a wonder she didn't go stark, raving mad."

Nobody knows just why or when people began to call her Aunt Sophie. As far as we knew she wasn't anybody's aunt. She didn't have a relative in our town and from the looks of things, she didn't have any in any other town either.

SHE first showed up in Baltimore when she was seventeen. For a year she worked in a dress factory. At eighteen she married a local ice man. They had a daughter who was bright and beautiful, the kind of child everybody smiles at and pats on the head. When this child was three, she died in a fire which resulted from a bolt of lightning striking Aunt Sophie's house. From that day on Aunt Sophie was terribly frightened when any electric storm was threatening. As soon as the black clouds began to pile up, she'd hurry on down to the church and there she'd stay till the thunder growled weakly far south of the city.

Naturally all the kids in the neighborhood—and most of the grown-ups, too—never stopped to think why Aunt Sophie scurried off to church everytime the sky grew dark. We just laughed at the little old lady dressed in a long black skirt and a short little black woolen jacket hurrying toward the church with her wide-brimmed black straw hat and its faded rosebud trim flopping up and down around her frightened face. We used to think (*Cont. on page 14*)

# Secret

*From that day on*
*Aunt Sophie was terribly*
*frightened when any electric*
*storm was threatening*

## Aunt Sophie's Secret

Continued from page 12

it smart to say something silly like, "When Aunt Sophie's a-runnin', the rains ain't far behind." We never cared if she heard us either.

But back to Aunt Sophie's hard life. When the house burned down, so did the stable and ice house. So Aunt Sophie's husband took what money he had and bought a Model-T Ford which he used as a taxi. Before he died, when Aunt Sophie was only twenty-eight, he had four taxis and was doing real well. He left the business to his widow and somehow or other the business just grew and grew till the Royal Blue Taxi Company was the largest in the city.

Most people never remembered the hard things in Aunt Sophie's life. We'd only think of all the money she was making with her taxi cabs.

My ears still burn when I think of all the smart-aleck remarks I used to make about Aunt Sophie and her money. I was packed full of adolescent cynicism and, even though Mom had just reminded us of Aunt Sophie's hardships, my mind was busy forming a new, delectable tidbit to toss into the hungry ears of my brothers and sisters when Father Steinemann's rasping voice cut through the summer evening air like a dull hacksaw cutting through a stubborn pipe.

"Good evening, Tom," he said to my father out on the front porch. "Have you heard about poor, old Aunt Sophie?" Though my father had literally beat respect and reverence for the priesthood into our hides, I couldn't help but shudder to hear Father Steinemann call Aunt Sophie "poor" and "old". He'd called her other things before her death and they weren't "poor" nor "old". Maybe you couldn't blame him either when you stop to think about that weekly ten cents from his richest parishioner.

Pop answered, "Sit down, Father. I've heard the news and may God have mercy on her soul." Whenever Pop couldn't think of anything nice to say about anybody dead, he always said, "May God have mercy on his (or her) soul." He tone insinuated that they had great need of God's mercy.

There was a little pause which indicated that Father Steinemann was going to ask Pop to do something which wasn't going to be easy for Pop to do. We in the kitchen all waited to hear what it was. Father Steinemann said, "Tom, would it be asking too much to have you sing at Aunt Sophie's funeral?"

Pop cleared his throat long and loud. This meant that it was entirely too much and he needed time to get out of it graciously. You see, Pop was probably the loudest bass, if not the best, that old Saint James' ever had. Pop himself thought he was the best thing that ever happened to any church choir anywhere.

Now, Aunt Sophie had been a thorn in Pop's side for years and years because Aunt Sophie, who couldn't hear too well, never knew when the choir was doing the singing and when the congregation was supposed to join in. Just to make sure, she'd sing all the time in a soft, wailing, quivery voice just enough off key to set your teeth on edge. Pop's favorite solo, "Holy God We Praise Thy Name," happened to be Aunt Sophie's favorite, too. I can never remember Pop's singing it alone. Always Aunt Sophie's thin wail would contradict Pop's loud, sure voice.

We knew why Pop didn't have any desire to sing at Aunt Sophie's funeral and we knew he was thinking his way out of it. Finally, we heard Pop say, "Well, Father, you know it would mean my losing half a day's work. With the family as big as it is, it's pretty hard to lose half a day's wages."

There was no hesitation about Father Steinemann's reply. "Why, Tom, I am completely surprised at you. You, a Christian and a leader in the parish, a man who should be showing the other men how to act, counting a few pennies as more important than the great charitable act of burying the dead."

"Well, now Father, I never thought of it that way. It would surely be a great act of charity especially since I never did have much love for the old tight . . . that is, for the old lady. To sing at her funeral would be singing to please the Lord Himself and not because I happen to have a good feeling doing it. Yes, Father, you are right. And I'm ashamed of myself for acting so selfish." That was my Pop. Show him the right clearly and positively and then watch out.

Father Steinemann's gravel-lined voice said, "I'd known all along you'd see it that way, Tom. Now I want you to see that John and Buck are there to serve the Mass and get all the Holy Name men you can to come. Explain that this will be real charity. God knows the poor old soul doesn't have any friends who'll be there and I can't stand burying somebody from an empty church."

The day of the funeral dawned black and ominous. I thought I was particularly clever when I told Buck, "She'll be there today. If they don't carry her, she'll get right up out of that coffin and walk."

We were all there, that is our whole family. Pop didn't believe in being selfish when he did charity. The whole gang got a lion's share in it with him. Since I was the oldest, he let me sit up in the choir with him. Poor Mom was stuck with all the other kids down below. Of course, Buck and John were serving.

Old Saint James' Church looked like a baseball stadium in the middle of winter. There were a few old ladies who came to anybody's funeral and there were three or four men who probably came because of what Pop had preached to them. There were Mom and the kids. But that was it, period. At least that was it until five minutes before nine when the shuffling of feet brought me out of my chair and had me craning my neck over the choir loft rail to see who was making all the racket. Below, down the middle aisle, were marching two by two a whole army of kids. High school kids and grade school kids and girls and boys. When they all finally got into the pews, they almost filled both center aisles. Pop was as surprised as I was. He whispered in my ear, "Looks like the kids from Saint Vincent's Orphanage. Father Steinemann knows how to get a crowd when he wants one!"

Then Father Steinemann came out in black robes and went to meet the coffin in the back of the church. The procession filed up the aisle. John and Buck carried candles and another kid had the crucifix. Two other kids came next with incense and then Father Steinemann. Finally came the coffin with some big kids from the Orphanage acting as pallbearers. It sure was sad to see that not one person followed the coffin.

The Mass went on and I got to feeling mighty sorry for Aunt Sophie. No friends, no relatives. Nobody at all to feel sorry that she was dead and gone. And I began to preach a pretty good sermon to myself about doing good with money and making friends and then the church would be filled with grateful people when you died. The priest wouldn't have to go out

Continued on page 18



*Graymoor Gift Annuity Plan*

# One Faith-One Lord

**Pope Pius IX and the Eastern Church.** In his encyclical of Epiphany (Jan. 6) 1848 Pope Pius IX showed himself as a Supreme Pontiff who favored the Catholics of the Eastern rites. "We will consider your special Catholic liturgies as entirely safe and protected; we think much of them, although in some points they differ from the liturgies of the Latin churches. Indeed your liturgies were valued by our predecessors, as recommended by the venerable antiquity of their origin, written in languages which the Apostles and Fathers used, containing rites celebrated with splendid and magnificent pomp, so that the piety and reverence of the faithful towards the divine mysteries are thereby fostered." (*In suprema*)

Later in his allocution of December 19, 1953 the same Holy Father declared: "Our predecessors declared not only that nothing is to be blamed in the sacred rites of the Eastern Church, that nothing in them is opposed to the true faith; but also that these rites must be kept and reverenced, being worthy of all respect by the antiquity of their origin, coming, as they do, in great part, from the holy fathers. Particular constitutions have forbidden those who follow these rites to abandon them without special permission from the Supreme Pontiff. Our predecessors knew that the spotless Bride of Christ presents in these external notes an admirable variety, which in no way alters her unity. The Church spreading beyond the frontiers of States, embraces all peoples and all nations, which she united in the profession of the same faith, in spite of diversity of customs, language, and rites; these differences being approved by the Roman Church, mother and chief of all."

**On the feast of the Epiphany,** 1862 Pope Pius IX founded a special Congregation for Eastern Rites. It was set up as a subdivision of the Congregation of the Propaganda—S. *Congregatio de propaganda Fide pro ritibus orientalibus*) His Holiness used the same language of respect for the Eastern rites and gave assurances that he did not wish to destroy them.

"Our predecessors not only never had the intention to bring Eastern people to the Latin rite, but, every time they thought it expedient, they have declared in clear and precise terms that the Holy See does not ask Eastern Christians to abandon their own rites, venerable by their antiquity and the witness of the holy fathers. The Holy See demands one thing only, that in these rites nothing be introduced which would be contrary to the Catholic faith, dangerous for souls, or opposed to virtue; as one of our predecessors, Benedict XIV of happy memory shows in his encyclical *Allateaesunt*, of July 5, 1755, addressed to missionaries in the East. If, then, any harm has ever been done to the rites of the East, it is not to the Holy See that it can be ascribed."

The Pope is now head of Congregation of Oriental Church, which was separated by Pope Benedict XV in his *motu proprio, Dei providentis,* May 1, 1917.

**Lord Acton: Primacy of St. Peter:** "The rejection of the primacy of St. Peter has driven men on a slippery course downward . . . For the Primacy is the bulwark, or rather the cornerstone of Catholicism; without it there would be as many churches as there are nations or states. Not one of those who have denounced the Papacy as a usurpation has ever attempted to show that the condition which its absence necessarily involves is theologically desirable, or that it is the will of God. It remains the most radical and conspicuous distinction between the Catholic Church and the sects. Those who attempt to do without it are compelled to argue that there is no earthly office divinely apppointed for the government of the Church, and that nobody has received the mission to conduct ecclesiastical affairs and to preserve the divine order in religion. The several local churches may have an earthly ruler, but for the whole Church of Christ there is no such protection. Christ, therefore, is the only head they acknowledge, and they must necessarily declare separation, isolation, and discord to be a principle and normal condition of His Church." *Essays in the History of Freedom.*

**St. Thomas in India.** St. Thomas the Apostle has long been venerated as the Apostle of India, although the actual facts of his ministry are hidden in legend. But recently in Malabar (So. India) an ancient church has been discovered and it is believed to be one of the seven founded there by the apostle.

Road workers found the remains of what is called the historic "lost" Nilakkal church, considered a missing link of a chain of churches. Tradition has established the location of the six other churches, but the site of the Nilakkal church has baffled historians. Thirty years ago an attempt was made to find it but it failed.

The ruins that have been found are thought to be the basement of the church, an oblong construction of 150 feet in length. Adjoining it are objects believed to be an altar and sacristy; the remains of steps for the main entrance are clearly visible. The entire site is covered with wild growth and historians think that it may have been abandoned in the 14th century because of disagreements about religious matters.

According to tradition, St. Thomas landed in Cranganur, in 52 A.D., converted many to the faith, established churches at seven places, including Nilakkal, before moving on to Mylapore, Madras, where he was martyred in 72 A.D.

**Congress in Lisle.** For many years a special Unity (or unionistic) Congress was held in Velehrad, Czechoslovakia for the reunion of the Eastern dissidents with the Holy See. The city is famous as the place where St. Methodius died in 884. Since Communist occupation of the country has prevented such activities, the Congress has been revived in the United States at St. Procopius Abbey, Lisle, Ill., under the direction of the Benedictines. This year it will be held in late August.

*See back cover for details*

# Graymoor Annals

### GRAYMOOR AND THE MISSIONS

THE FOUNDER of the Graymoor Friars, Father Paul James Francis, S.A., will be remembered in the annals of Church history in the United States as one of the greatest champions of the missions of his times. From the very day that he set out to found in the Episcopal Church "a preaching order like the Paulists," he was filled with a zeal for souls that was intensified only when he became a Catholic. His love for the Church and her Supreme Shepherd was carried over into one apostolic work after another.

In the early days at Graymoor, however, there were only a few priests with Father Paul. And these could not be spared for the missions. But Father Paul longed for the day when his spiritual sons would take their place beside other Catholic missionaries both at home and abroad.

While waiting for that day, Father Paul established a mission-aid society called the *Union-That-Nothing-Be-Lost* which, even during his own lifetime, disbursed millions of dollars to needy missionaries throughout the world. He was co-founder of the *Catholic Near East Welfare Association,* a papal organization which looks after the Holy Land and the missions of the Near East.

Today Father Paul's dream has come true. For the sons of Father Paul, fired by the zeal of their founder, continue to carry on his missionary apostolate as one of the primary works of the community. The Graymoor Friars are busily engaged in missionary work among the Negroes of the South, Mexican peons in Texas, and Japanese both in western Canada and Japan. At "Graymoor-in-Japan," our most recent but yet largest missionary establishment, our Friars labor in a territory 60 miles long and 25 miles wide in the Diocese of Yokohama with nearly 1,500,000 souls. Nine years ago, when the Friars took over this area, there was only one parish and 358 Catholics. Today there are seven mission centers and 1,750 Catholics. Two new Churches and a convent for the Graymoor Sisters will be built this year. The Sisters are going to begin their missionary work in the diocese next month.

### THE MISSION SECRETARIAT

BY HIS LIFE and work Father Paul certainly impressed upon his Friars that we must have a *world-wide vision* concerning the spread of the Church in mission lands. We must work and pray unceasingly, he told us time and time again, to bring about the "Missionary Conquest of the World for Christ." Therefore, we Friars know that if we are to have this *world-wide vision* for the advancement of the Kingdom of Christ on earth, we must be vitally interested in the missionary work being carried out by all the other religious communities in the Church.

For this reason we're quite excited about a convention dealing with world-wide mission work that's going to be held in Washington, D.C. early this month. It's the annual convention of the *Mission Secretariat* which has been called "the second most important annual meeting for the Church in America," second to the November meeting of the Bishops of the United States. And we're excited enough about this convention that we want our readers of THE LAMP to know something about the workings of the *Mission Secretariat.*

The *Mission Secretariat* is a clearing house for information and services to aid American Catholic foreign mission work. With a membership of 200 Provinces of Congregations which maintain personnel on overseas missions, the *Secretariat* provides for an exchange of ideas and practical help. These are the "mission-sending societies" as distinguished from the "mission-aid societies" like the Society for the Propagation of the Faith which

The advisory board of the Mission Secretariat, left to right: Fr. J. Calvert Alexander, S.J., editor of **Jesuit Missions;** Sr. Maria del Rey, O.P., director of publicity for the Maryknoll Sisters; Fr. Alcuin Egan, S.A., director of Graymoor's **Ave Maria Hour;** Fr. Frederick A. McGuire, C.M., executive secretary; and Fr. Charles J. McCarthy, M.M., editor of **Maryknoll**

supply funds rather than personnel. At the Washington convention close to 100 major superiors and more than 500 missionaries will get together to discuss problems they all encounter in the course of spreading the Faith to the entire world.

### GRAYMOOR AND THE SECRETARIAT

THE GRAYMOOR FRIARS have been active in the *Mission Secretariat* ever since it was approved by the American Bishops at their 1949 annual meeting. Several of our priests have held responsible positions in the organization. During the formative years of the *Secretariat*, Father Celestine Leahy, S.A., now at our Church in Rome, and Father Michael Sugrue, S.A., pastor of our Church in Hereford, Texas, served on its financial committee. Father Andrew Lewis, S.A., our treasurer general, for the past two years has been chairman of the convention's session for Non-teaching Brothers. And four years ago, Father Alcuin Egan, S.A., director of *The Ave Maria Hour*, was elected to the *Secretariat's* five-man Advisory Board headed by Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, D.D., national director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. This board, along with Father Frederick A. McGuire, C.M. the executive secretary, meets regularly at Bishop Sheen's office in New York City. Besides his work with the board, Fr. Alcuin has served on several special committees for the *Secretariat*, and for the past three years has been in charge of hospitality for the priests and brothers attending the annual meeting.

Very Reverend Father Angelus Delahunt, S.A., Father General of the Graymoor Friars, will attend the meeting again this year along with a group of priests and brothers from Graymoor and our seminary in Washington. The convention will last for three days and matters will be discussed from the points of view of Superiors, missioners in the field, and those who provide supplies and funds for the missions.

Editors and procurators, vocation directors and those who train young missioners, doctors, educators, nurses, welfare and relief workers, take part in group discussions designed to air the problems common to each group.

A highlight of the 1957 meeting will be the presentation of the *Worldmission Award* to Oliver L. Parks of St. Louis, Missouri, in recognition of devoted and outstanding services in behalf of the foreign missions of the Catholic Church. Many distinguished members of the American hierarchy as well as prominent government officials will be present at a reception for Mr. Parks. The presentation of the *Worldmission Award* will be an annual event at the *Secretariat's* convention.

At a recent annual meeting in Washington, D.C., Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, director of the **Mission Secretariat,** chats with Bishop Raymond A. Lane of Maryknoll (left) and Bishop Luke K. Arai, Bishop of Yokohama, Japan, where the Graymoor Friars have an extensive mission

The *Mission Secretariat* has its headquarters in the National Catholic Welfare Conference building in Washington. Here Father McGuire, the executive secretary, and his staff carry out the ordinary business of the organization under the guidance of Bishop Sheen, the director. His work is to be contact man for missionary bishops, lay apostles, government and United Nations agencies, and others who seek information and assistance on problems related to American Catholic foreign missions.

Father McGuire has had long experience with coordinating organizations in China which brought him into contact with hundreds of missioners and missionary orders. A native of Brooklyn, N.Y., he was ordained in 1930 and sent to the Vincentian Fathers China mission in 1932 to labor in the present diocese of Kanchow in Kiangsi Province.

During World War II, Father McGuire was named local director of the International Relief Services in Kanchow and later became field secretary for the organization in southeastern China. At the end of the war he was appointed executive secretary of the Catholic Welfare Conference in China with headquarters in Shanghai. When this city became threatened by the Communists he went to Hong Kong to establish a liaison there.

When the importance of the *Mission Secretariat* was brought to the attention of Archbishop Antonio Riberi, Papal Internuncio to China and to Father McGuire's religious superior in China, he was relieved of his duties in Hong Kong to assume his present office.

It is less than 50 years since the United States itself was a mission territory under *Propaganda Fide*. In these 50 years, America's mission effort has grown so much that our foreign missioners are on every continent. And in 1950 when the *Mission Secretariat* first began to operate, few mission societies knew what any other mission society was doing. Now, the *Secretariat* gathers hundreds to solve their common problems in the light of common experience. The *Secretariat* gives them a common meeting ground. The Graymoor Friars salute the *Mission Secretariat* on the occasion of its Annual Meeting. We pledge our continued prayers and support to this vital organization whose growth in so few years is a sure proof of the American Catholic Church's coming of age. We ask our readers to pray with us and with the gallant American missioners the world over for the hastening of the day when the "Missionary Conquest of the World for Christ" will be realized. †

*See back cover for details*

*Educate*

**a worthy boy so that he can reach the Altar of God**

*Co-operate*

**in the Missionary work of the Graymoor Friars**

*Participate*

**in God's Holy work for the Salvation of Souls**

**You CAN satisfy the charity burning in your heart to do all of these things. Perhaps, in justice to yourself, you feel that you cannot do them right now. But by remembering the Graymoor Friars in your will you can accomplish all this and share in the rewards promised by Christ. Keep alive the Christian tradition of real charity by sharing something with Christ, Our Blessed Lord and Saviour**

*Here's How:*

**Merely insert in your will: I give, devise, and bequeath to the Friars of the Atonement, Inc., Graymoor, Garrison, N. Y., the sum of $_____**

## Aunt Sophie's Secret

Continued from page 14

and drag in orphans to muster up a crowd.

Just when I was really getting warmed up, the Mass and other ceremonies were over. The only thing left to do was to take Aunt Sophie out to Holy Redeemer Cemetery and put her in the ground. In a few days nobody in the whole wide world would even remember her except perhaps to have a laugh at her expense.

Just then, Father Steinemann raised his hand to stop the organist. This was unusual because Father Steinemann didn't believe in sermons at funerals. He didn't believe in saying all sorts of untrue things about the dead just because they were dead. He sort of figured that God would be their judge and he'd better just leave it that way.

But there he was clearing his voice and looking out over the orphans packed tight in the center aisle pews. "Boys and girls," he began. Then he cleared his voice again, this time with more authority.

"I don't know how to begin because what I am going to tell you I only found out from the Bishop this very morning. You are all probably wondering why the Sisters brought you over to this church to attend a funeral of a woman whom you have never even seen. You weren't brought here because this woman was lonely and a little queer, or because she didn't have any friends who would come. You weren't brought here to fill up the church. You were brought here because twenty-five years ago, a woman went to the Bishop and told him that she wanted to make a great sacrifice. She wanted the Bishop to take all the profits from a very good business and with the money to build an orphanage. She wanted him to use the money year after year to clothe and feed the boys and girls who would live in this orphanage. She told the Bishop that she didn't want anybody to know about her great sacrifice till after her death because. . . ." Father Steinemann blew hard into his handkerchief. . . . "because she wanted to suffer the same loneliness and home-sickness that orphans suffer and that Jesus suffered on the cross. The clothes on your backs, the food in your stomachs, the beds you sleep in, and the roof that shelters you were all bought with the money of a little old lady whom—may God forgive us—we here in St. James' Parish thought was a little out of her mind. We called

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IT WAS A ROAD ACCIDENT—a bad one—and the innocent driver will, it appears, be confined to a wheelchair for the rest of his life. Going up to see him, I remembered many things we had shared together—a smile over the campfire . . . winter evenings spent discussing work, politics and religion . . . times when one held out his hand to help the other up . . . things of friendship that are not lightly come by.

"Why did it have to happen?" It wasn't the pain that was bothering him; not even the realization that, from now on, the way of life he had taken for granted was ended. Just that mute, searching question.

What do you say to a friend who isn't a Catholic?

"Right now, I suppose, no one can answer that. But there must be some good reason, Bob."

And he believed me—if not to be right, certainly to be sincere.

Perhaps a little oddly, most of my life has been spent in the company of non-Catholics. My wife is a convert; and, of later years, a goodly number of our friends are Catholics—from our parish, in journalism, and as a result of our children's friendships. But my early manhood was spent almost exclusively with non-Catholics, especially in the newspaper and political world . . . and many of these friendships have remained.

I could write a book about the impressions and reactions these non-Catholics have made on me over the years. Mostly they have been such fine people I have always wished in my heart that one day they would become converts: they would make such fine Catholics! (And at least one or two did!) But most of all I have noticed that decent, intelligent worthwhile Protestants always watch a Catholic they respect with much more critical eyes than they do someone of their own faith—or someone without faith at all.

I say "critical" in the proper sense. A non-Catholic of the type I have in mind is shocked when a Catholic commits a crime, or tells a dirty joke—or even eats meat on Friday! Mind you, they expect it, in a degree at least, from impoverished and ignorant Catholics—but I am speaking here again of their Catholic friends. In addition to that, they inevitably—in moments of great sorrow, or distress or bewilderment—look to their Catholic friend with almost pathetic, childlike trust. He or she will offer them—they hope—some solace they can find nowhere else.

To us, it is a tremendous tribute. It is, indirectly, a reassurance that ours is the age-old faith, the one true faith, unchanged by time or history. It is also a tremendous responsibility.

Common sense, or the promptings of the Holy Ghost, tell you when it is unwise to "plug" your religion the way you would like to, in case the wary Protestant sees himself being hemmed in by a fanatic! There are other times when you almost shock your non-Catholic friend speechless by "driving home" some fundamental theological truth, almost as if you had no regard for his feelings. I would like to illustrate this.

A group of us, after a particularly harmonious authors' meeting, were having coffee afterwards in our favorite cafe. The talk turned to somebody or other who was coming to lecture on B'hai—the *new* world religion, which embraces all the good in all religions, honors everybody—Christ, Mohammed, Buddha, etc. (I am, of course, quoting its exponents, if rather flippantly.)

"What do you think, Johnny?" said somebody.

I hardly paused in the act of draining my coffee. "B'hai, bahoo, bahalley! What's the difference? As far as I'm concerned, there's one God—one way He wants to be worshipped. This lumping them all together smacks to me both of the ridiculous and the racket!"

There was, literally, a shocked silence. No one refrained from speaking because of delicacy of breeding: authors are most opinionated and outspoken. But never again have I heard one of them refer, favorably or otherwise, to B'hai. Possibly something got through to them. Knowing writers as I do, I think the fundamental truth of what I said has lingered with them. They are thinkers, which perhaps explains why so many of them become converts.

Getting back to my invalid friend, I sensed another moment had come to say something other than the kind inanities which people too often offer as palliatives at such time. I had thought quite a lot about his accident and what it might mean to him.

"Bob," I said, "I have a deep and unshakeable belief that neither illness, nor suffering of any kind, is sent without a wonderful purpose."

The mute suffering eyes were pleading with me to make him believe.

"I think that within every man there lies a God-given talent for greatness in some field—or a God-given mission in life—meant to work out not only his salvation, but oftentimes the salvation of others. And it would seem that when our lives are too carefree, we flit through life's summertime like gat butterflies in the breeze. Not until calamity of some sort befalls do we find the hidden talents, or discover the role we were designed to play.

"Such calamity, you might say, forces us to close one door and open another—a better door by far. Or it forces us to turn our eyes away from exterior things and look within. Maybe it's frightening to walk over and open that door . . . to stand before the mirror that is ourself and look ourselves over for wrinkles, gray hair, blemishes—but all you need is momentary courage."

The man was enthralled. (And sometimes even you wonder what makes you say the things you do.)

I told Bob—taking care to give him no illusions—that two common characteristics marked the great men of the ages. The first was an almost childlike humbleness—a complete absence of vanity. Michelangelo, for instance, the greatest sculptor that

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*See back cover for details*

## Mostly for Men

Continued from page 19

ever lived, continuously decried his own genius. "If people knew how hard I labor," he said, "they would never call me a genius."

The second trait that marks the biographies of great men and women is that, almost without exception, they suffered—of mind, or body, even of soul. The same Michelangelo, during the six years he worked on "The Last Judgement," was constantly wracked with violent intestinal pains. The immortal Beethoven was so deaf he never heard most of the beautiful music that he composed to give to the world forever. Goethe was slipping into the grave as he hurried to finish "Faust."

"But today," Bob whispered, "You need to get around! I'm no artist—or composer—or sculptor—"

"What are you, Bob?" I asked him quietly.

By self-admission, he didn't know. He had spent most of his years at anything that would turn up a dollar, as he put it—playing the stock market, selling insurance, dabbling in real estate. What his real talents were, or if he had any, he didn't know.

"Well, maybe now," I said, "you'll find out."

I asked him to look around the ward.

"More people," I said, "have accomplished more by staying in one place than have all the millions hurrying around. How far was Shakespeare from Stratford-on-Avon? And, at least until he was famous, how far did Edison get away from his workshop lab?"

"But I'm no Shakespeare, no Thomas Edison!" protested Bob again.

So what? I told him to look around the ward—the "incurable" ward that lay just beyond his door. With him, I saw more laughter, more industry, more thankfulness for being alive, than I had seen all day in my own world of the healthy.

Bob saw it too . . . and the first stubborn lights of faith emerged in his eyes. All that remained was the immediate fear of how his family would make out and of the new life he must somehow create.

And again I could tell him that every man, ill or well, is afraid of that same unknown. Not one of us but has wondered, uneasily, what would happen, how our family would make out, if we lost this job—or suddenly became unable to do our present work. Yet, amazingly, few of us can look back 10 or 20 years and not wonder what strange workings of "destiny" brought us to where we are today.

I can't tell you the end of Bob's story—though some day I may be able to do so. All I can tell you is that, when I left him, I saw a man finding the first rays of God-given faith in his lifetime . . . and I had the strange feeling that he felt, as I did, that his accident had been sent, or willed, by a loving God so that, somehow, his own life would take on the richness God wanted to bestow.

The "how" of it is only for the impatient and for those who have not faith. †


# "go teach ye all nations"

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## Aunt Sophie's Secret

Continued from page 18

her 'Aunt Sophie' and I am sure that she would want you to remember her by that name. May God have mercy on our souls."

Father Steinemann crossed himself and turned toward the altar when a loud crash of thunder shook the church. I was wiping my eyes and blowing my nose and Pop was talking earnestly with the organist. He was arguing about what song to sing. At Saint James' they always sang "Mother at Thy Feet" when the body was taken out of the church.

Not at Aunt Sophie's funeral. Pop sang, as loud as he could, "Holy God We Praise Thy Name." He managed to make more noise than the thunder. But somewhere in the church a window was open just a crack and, when the wind blew in, it set up a soft, quivery wail enough off key to set your teeth on edge. Pop smiled a big smile when he heard it for he was sure he wasn't singing alone. †

## To Be Frank . . . I Spank

Continued from page 7

moment hacking up the janitor.

It is all so ridiculous. It is impossible to engage in a conversation these days without hearing phrases like guilt complex, schizophrenia; inhibition; deviation and the like. And when you hear otherwise intelligent and well educated parents apply it to their own children, then this whole silly fad has gotten away out of hand. It also becomes a handy excuse to excuse extremely bad behavior and parental carelessness and neglect.

Well, I say nuts to it. I hope to raise my children by the somewhat old fashioned concepts of Christian morality; Catholic doctrine and society's laws and rules covered over with as generous a layer of love and understanding as possible. I hope to raise them to be happy, useful, decent adults. I trust that the picture they retain of me is a pleasant one—not a guy with a hairbrush but neither a picture of me bending over a couch with a notebook in one hand and the collected works of Sigmund Freud in the other.

So here's a vote for retrogression—for raising children by instinct—by love and with a sense of humor. Maybe it ain't quite so modern but somehow I believe a few billion children have been raised by this method from Eden on out. And a fair number of them turned out to be all right. I'll take my chances on that. †

**AS THEY SAY IN HOLLYWOOD . . .** "NUNS ARE PRETTY high-fashion these days." Not referring, as you might think, to new trends in wimples or Dior-designed habits . . . but to the way the public is responding to movies, TV dramas, et cetera, having nuns as the heroines.

This audience enthusiasm means just one thing to the moviemakers: an increase in box-office receipts. So we can be pretty sure the powers that be will follow up a good thing by giving us more on the order of *Come to the Stable, Bells of St. Mary's, The Bamboo Cross, Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison* and the like. It's a gratifying direction for film stories to be taking, and while the nuns-can-be-fun angle may seem a bit overplayed at times, we should be happy to hail *any* manifestation of an open-minded, common sense approach to the religious and his or her value as a normal, functional member of the human community.

While *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison* in particular is inclined toward the sensational (the novel was published in pocket form as *The Flesh and the Spirit*), it was highly recommended by many critics as an attempt to show the "human side" (is there another one?) of a person vowed to the religious life. I still remain convinced its main appeal was the Will he? Won't he? theme so dear to the cliff-hanging heart of the moviegoer. Nevertheless, it's a step in the right direction when the fictional nun is presented as normal. Not so in a great many novels of the past.

Certainly, the Protestant-and-other public is just finding out what Catholics have always gratefully known . . . that nuns are *more* than human in their love for God and their neighbor; that their self-sacrifice and disciplined spirits constantly overcome all manner of temptations and trials; and that without said Sisters, life would be empty indeed for their thousands of charges . . . old people, children, students, catechumens of all ages, hospital patients, prisoners, mothers, workers . . . in short, for the Christian family in general and each member in particular. To paraphrase a famous commercial slogan, "There is a nun for every purpose" . . . and God's purposes are their directives. Nuns are career-women in the finest sense of the word.

Once, when I was a very young pseudo-pagan, I met my first live, genuine nun. She was six feet tall at least, with wide, starched wings on her head, a long pinafore, and shiny pince-nez. She was a hospital sister named Mother Anastasia, and she bent down from her immense height to say to me, "Little girl, your shoe is untied. But I will tie it for you." I have liked nuns ever since. Especially tall ones.

Since this is September . . . as every loyal reader knows, my month for blowing bugles . . . allow me to extract from its well-worn case my most special silver trumpet and sound forth a tremendous blast in honor of Nuns, All Kinds, Shapes and Sizes: Assorted. And since September is the month when our children (God bless their dear, retreating forms) return to school, I shall, with your permission, ad an extra obbligato commemorating Nuns, the Kind Who Teach School. There!

Mother Anastasia was a nursing sister, coming under the general heading of Nuns, the Hospital Kind. I didn't meet my first teaching sister till four or five years later when Mother, in an obviously futile attempt to civilize me, entered me in a convent school. As we sat in the parlor waiting to be interviewed by the Sister Registrar, I spied my first teaching nun, giving a music lesson in a room across the corridor. What with furrowed brow and angry eye (the pupil, a fat, bored girl with freckles, wasn't keeping her knuckles level *at all*) she bore a marked resemblance to Beethoven on one of his worse days. I was sure I wasn't going to be happy there. But I was. What's more, I took piano lessons, some months later, from the same sister, and provoked the same expression. She was all bark and no bite and gave you salt-water taffy if you did your lesson well . . . sometimes even if you didn't.

I am most grateful to the Teaching Kind of sisters, not only for my own years under their kindness, which were wonderful, but for the training they give my own children today. This may just be a preoccupation of mine, but I feel more and more that the public school is lacking in disciplined curriculum. The emphasis seems to be placed on the practical, the permissive, and the persuasive to the exclusion, in a greater or lesser degree, of rigid forms of behavior and scholarship. These requirements *are* important . . . just step into the public classroom and you'll see why discriminating parents send their children to parochial or private institutions.

Obviously, modern methods of teaching have their excellences, just as "old-fashioned" methods have their glaring faults. But respect for the teaching authority, responsibility to God and our brothers, competitive programs of scholastic achievement . . . these are to be found nowhere as strongly as in the nun-run school. Psychologists have done great services for youth in their contributions to teaching methods. It would be blindness to deny the validity of some of their theses. But it is also blindness and folly too, to say that the practical can ever completely take the place of the spiritual, or that the child is fully educated when he knows how to get along in the community. "Get along" how? Materially and surface-socially? In the final analysis, he must "get along" with God . . . and himself. This is the result of an inner training; the training Sisters supply better than any.

Besides, who says psychology is underplayed in parochial classrooms and schoolyards? Nuns have been using it for centuries . . . only, not being the labeling kind, they group all forms together under one large heading. Love.

Therefore, as I said, three large Hurrahs and an Alleluia for Nuns, All Sorts: Assorted. And a special

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*See back cover for details*

OUR LADY OF THE AIRWAVES
THE Ave Maria
RADIO HOUR
DRAMATIZING THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS
SEE YOUR NEWSPAPER FOR TIME AND STATION
PRODUCED BY THE GRAYMOOR FRIARS ST. CHRISTOPHERS INN, GARRISON, N. Y.

## Mostly for Women

Continued from page 21

shout for the September Sisters, waiting with school doors open, for the most fortunate children in the world.

**I'LL BET A COOKIE . . .**

there isn't one left in the cookie jar at the end of the week. It's pretty hard to keep goodies around, what with husbands, dogs and children, especially during lunch-packing times. Here's a recipe designed to make replenishing easier. You can vary it with the addition of nuts, raisins, chocolate bits, herbs-roots-and-berries, and the like. I very often add half a cupful of cocoa powder to the batter and fool everyone into thinking it's a new type of chocolate cookie. Oh, I'm devious. You can be, too . . . as follows:

**Back-To-School Basic Cookies**

(Westlake Variety)

Combine:

1 cup sugar and
⅓ cup soft butter or magarine

Then add:

1 egg, slightly beaten
4 Tablespoons undiluted, evaporated milk
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

And then the dry ingredients:

2 cups any flour (all right, any *white* flour)
1 teaspoon any baking powder
½ teaspoon salt

Beat like crazy. Then start varying to your heart's content. Add fruit bits and a little cinnamon, or chocolate chips and walnut bits, or cocoa, as I mentioned, or cocoanut and some peanuts, chopped (this last is Mmmmm). Now chill if necessary (some like a thicker batter to work with), and then drop from a teaspoon onto well-greased cookie sheets. This is also a good rolled-cookie recipe. If you wish to roll and cut instead of making drops, add ¼ cup more flour to the batter, and refrain from lumpy additions such as nuts and raisins. Place on greased pans and allow for a little expansion.

Bake drops or cut-outs in a medium oven till brown around the edges. This recipe will make about thirty cookies . . . not too many for a large-sized family, but not enough when you want them. All earthly things are consumed, but cookies faster than anything else. Chalk it up to Mortality and double the recipe next time. See you later . . . when the next batch is out of the oven!

## What Superstition

Continued from page 11

objects can not be substantiated by proof. It usually started with something that some one noticed, commented upon, and the remarks of their hearers snowballed until most of their friends accepted as fact something which is *not* a fact.

When a scientist is trying to learn something, he does not start out by closing his mind to the results which his experiments disclose. Instead he continues to strive and make certain of *every* step in the work. Superstitions can not stand up under even the most cursory examination and yet their power to influence people's conduct remains. For those who want to think of some symbol, such as a clover, as representative of "luck" will not think otherwise: while their neighbor, who associates disaster with the very same symbol, also will continue firm in their belief!

Probably many cats, black ones along with those of other colors, perished in the Chicago fire. It was Mrs. Murphy's *cow* and not a black cat, that upset the lantern starting the blaze and yet no one seems to have said, "Cows are unlucky because one of them burned Chicago." Yet if a black cat had been the cause—. Can't you just see the black headlines the newspapers would have used to load down the poor black kitten? It is through just such tactics that superstitions flourish and probably always will continue to do so, just because even the most level headed individual has some chink in his make-up that permits him to be influenced emotionally by things that have no basis in fact and yet dovetail with some personal experience and so are thought of as "true." †

## Sanctify The News

Continued from page 5

probably not the soap-box type of reformer. And after all, how many of us are able to do big-time relief work or foot the bill for enough charities to help whittle down the mountain of mankind's miseries? So what to do instead?

Sanctify the news! And you accomplish it with a string of prayerful memos sent heavenward every day! Like this:

While reading the feature sections of the paper you can be an inspiration to others and they'll never know about it! A perfect opportunity not to let that old right hand know what the left is doing. The woman's club is

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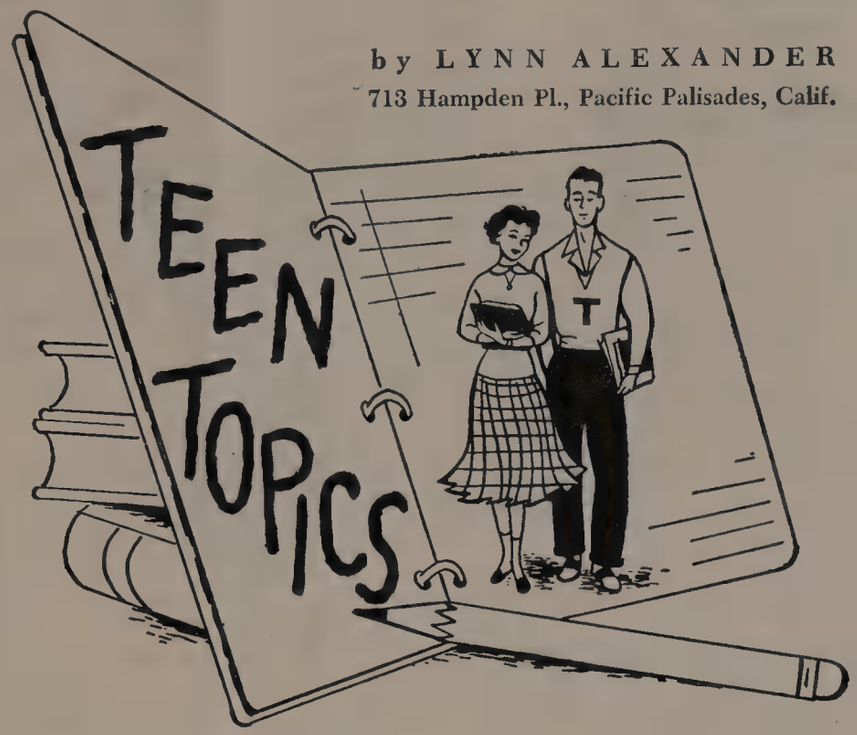


by LYNN ALEXANDER
713 Hampden Pl., Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Dear Lynn,

I am a sophomore in high school and this year, since I started dating, I have a problem. My trouble is that I can't think of anything to say to the girls I date. As a result, there are those awful long moments of silence when I feel as though I'd like to shrivel up and blow away.

Can you give me some hints on conversation?

Sincerely yours,
Brock

Good conversation is like a lovely melody, Brock, one note should lead to another. If the melody has substance and continuity, it will be pleasant for all who participate and listen.

Successful conversation involves two things (1) having something to say and (2) being able to say it. Most of us, unless we are very shy, don't have much trouble with the latter. Even shyness flies out the window if the topic discussed is interesting. We forget ourselves momentarily in our concern about the subject.

Conversation is a barometer to the type of person you are. It reflects the things you think and know. It shows whether you are a narrow, shallow person or whether you have a well-rounded, balanced personality. It indicates whether you are interested mainly in yourself or whether your interests lie outside of your own ego. It indicates also how highly you regard the person with whom you are conversing. If you are blown up with your own importance and care nothing for the other guy's opinions, then you will monopolize the conversation and close your ears when you are not speaking. You will love the sound of your own voice so much that you will ramble on endlessly rather than give the other fellow a chance. But if, on the other hand, you value the opinions of your friends, your conversation will be interspersed with pertinent questions and you will find yourself listening as much as talking.

Conversation is the result of what we read and what we do. Therefore, a good conversationalist must be well read. This doesn't mean only the sports page and the comics. You should read at least one newspaper a day concentrating not only on the front page but on some of the columns, book reviews, and editorials. It can be terribly embarrassing not to know what is going on in the world. While you may never become an expert in the field of political science, you should be able to discuss the vital issues of the day. Magazines, worthwhile books, intriguing pamphlets, and spiritual reading should be included in your busy schedule. Even if you have only five minutes a day to devote to reading, you should never let a day go by without introducing something new into your life through the printed word.

Naturally, we don't want all of our experiences to be second-hand. That's why it is so important for you to participate in a variety of activities. Sports, hobbies, charity drives, school and Church functions all provide you with an abundance of material for conversation. Each thing that we do adds to our storehouse of knowledge and experience. It is from this storehouse that we draw when we converse with others.

The girls whom you date are no different from your boy friends or adults when it comes to the wide range of topics they like to discuss. Naturally, Brock, you can't start the evening with the question "Have you read any good books lately?" Your best bet is to select a topic closer to home. Perhaps you've just met the girl's parents. They are a logical choice. You might commence by saying "I enjoyed meeting your folks. Your Dad seems like such an interesting man. What does he do?" Then, still pretty close to home and the things you have in common, you can mention topics relating to mutual friends, school, or some news event in the community.

Many teens find it difficult to progress from one topic to the other. As a result they practically club a topic to death, unable to relinquish it. Actually this shouldn't be too difficult; for you can use connecting phrases. For example, you have been talking about the business in which your girl's father is employed. You mentioned at the outset that the girl's father seemed interesting. Carrying this into a new topic, you might say "Speaking of interesting men. . . ." and describe your Dad's boss who is quite an unusual character. "Speaking of. . . ." and "While on the subject of. . . ." or "Your mentioning that reminds me. . . ." are sure ways of introducing another topic to be discussed.

To keep the conversation alive, you can always utilize plenty of questions. After all, if you are interested in your date, you'd like to hear her opinions and thoughts on the various subjects under discussion. Maybe you are telling her about the time your brother was sleep-walking and actually started the family automobile. You might ask such questions as "Whatever do you suppose causes sleep-walking?" or "Does anyone in your family ever sleep-walk?" or again "Do you suppose that anyone who is sleep-walking would ever do anything against his own will?" Most of us are highly flattered when others ask our opinion and ideas. Your girl friend will be no exception. Not only are you keeping alive the conversation but you are bestowing a subtle compliment each time you ask a question!

It is always a good idea to mentally list a few of the topics that you will

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## Teen Topics

Continued from page 23

inject during the evening while you are getting ready for your date. In this way you have a crutch in case of emergency. If your memory is poor, jot them down on an inconspicuous piece of paper and refer to them in private. Included in your prepared topics should be some interesting, humorous experiences or even some embarrassing moments that horrified you at the time. The more you can make your listener laugh, the brighter your conversation will be!

There have been quite a number of inquiries about the pamphlets which I have written for you, teens. They include "Letters to Lynn: About Dating," "Letters to Lynn: More About Dating" and "Letters to Lynn: About Popularity" and are filled with suggestions and ideas to help solve your problems. They may be obtained for 20¢ each by writing: Franciscan Printery, Pamphlet Dept., Pulaski, Wisconsin.

Till next month, God's best to you and yours! †


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**GRAYMOOR VISITORS' DIRECTORY**

Franciscan Friars of the Atonement
Graymoor, Garrison, N. Y.

# GRAYMOOR

*in the heart of the Highlands-of-the-Hudson*


## Sanctify The News

Continued from page 22

meeting today? May the Lord help them to be the noble women they were meant to be. Ask the Blessed Virgin to keep them from idle conversation and petty gossip. For all the engaged and just-marrieds—may Heaven bless their unions and grant them happy years. The far reaching effect of such "thought prayers" would probably turn our heads could we know the results in advance. For thoughts are powerful and prayer is potent.

The sport pages, you might think, wouldn't come under the plan. But they do. Games and sporting events need prayers too, for clean sportsmanship and the safety of the participants.

What a happy opportunity the birth announcements present! Surely these little new souls need a strong send-off into the world they've so recently entered.

And as for the obituary columns—those all-important final notices—in every case, either of natural or sudden death, of tragic loss or glorious release, each individual soul needs your help. The lives of the bereaved family, and friends too, can be purified and re-dedicated by the experience. Offer up a fervent "Lord, help all of them!"

Of course, when you come upon a cause that is close to your heart, you don't have to limit your apostolate to just a momentary prayer! As we all know, Masses, Communions, novenas and rosaries are of incalculable worth toward lessening crime, increasing virtue and generally depopulating Purgatory! But let's not lose sight of the precious present we're always supposed to be sanctifying. An Ave, thoughtfully said, might be worth more at the moment you're reading the item than a longer prayer put off until later, when you're apt to be distracted by the rooking your neighbor took on that second-hand car deal, or whether you should make a salad for dinner tonight.

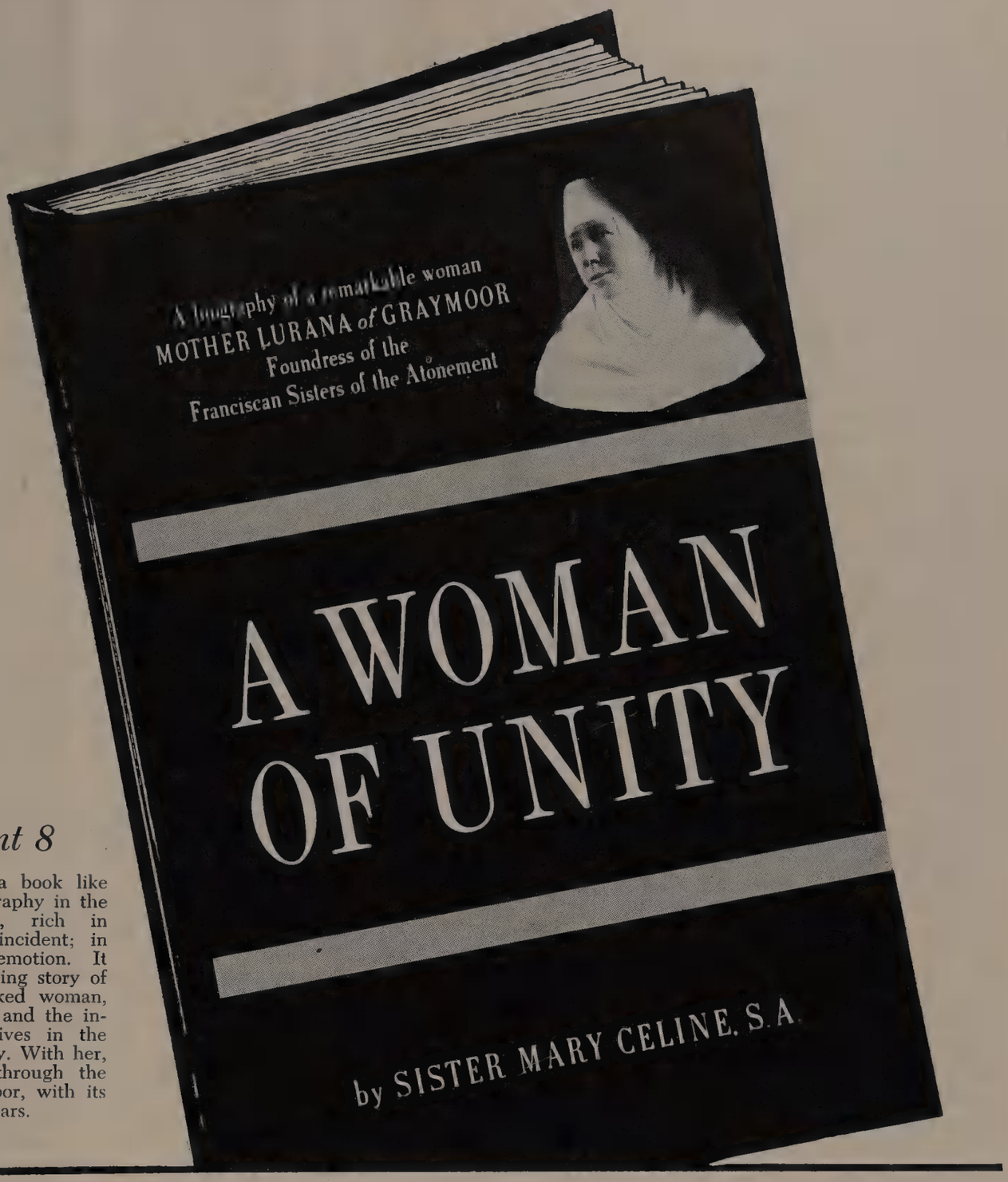
Everything is personalized these days, from ash trays to aprons. Why not personalize the impersonal news? You'll be loving thy neighbor, being thy brother's keeper, saving the souls of others and who knows, maybe your own!

You can do as much or as little as you wish.

But it will be hard to limit it once you've begun your daily news apostolate! †



*Graymoor Gift Annuity Plan*


A biography of a remarkable woman
MOTHER LURANA of GRAYMOOR
Foundress of the
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A WOMAN OF UNITY
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*Installment 8*

Rare today is a book like this . . . a biography in the great tradition, rich in character and incident; in thought and emotion. It tells the engrossing story of a strongly marked woman, of her conflicts and the intertwining of lives in the past half century. With her, you will live through the birth of Graymoor, with its laughter and tears.

## Chapter 5—(Continued)
## Little Brown Church in the Vale

The Anglican minister took his Franciscanism literally. There was no coach and four to meet him as he alighted from the train at Garrison but the road was not unfamiliar to him and with a firm stride he started toward Graymoor. Presently, he was hailed by Mr. Davis, the carpenter, who invited him to a seat on his buckboard. As they jogged along, the builder of the convent had many things to tell. The building was almost completed, he modestly boasted; in fact, Bishop Coleman was to bless it on the morrow. What Mr. Davis did not know was that Mother Lurana had written to Bishop Potter of New York with the request that he come and rejoice the Community by himself blessing the new chapel and house. A very cordial note from the Bishop replied that he would be pleased to do so if the Mother would appoint some other day than October 4, as that day was more than full. But her heart was set on that date and she replied that were October 4 any other than Saint Francis Day she would gladly do so, but as it was, might she write the Bishop of Delaware, Father Wattson's much loved and venerated friend, to act in his place? Bishop Potter graciously acquiesced and a few days later the Bishop of Delaware accepted the invitation.

Now that the former chaplain had left, how would the Sisters fare in regard to church services, Mr. Davis wanted to know. Father Wattson explained that his very motive in coming was to take care of the spiritual needs

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of the convent. He might have added that till his dying day he would himself be not only the Sisters' chaplain but, likewise, their devoted Father and friend.

However, the thought now uppermost in his mind was the establishment of his Communtiy of Franciscan Friars. He asked Mr. Davis if he knew of any cave in the hills round about which might be converted into a hermit's cell. The man professed his ignorance of any such, but volunteered that there was a magnificent river view from the summit of the little mountain that skirted the Graymoor Valley to the east. "A river view," the Father Founder exclaimed, "why that is the one thing which I thought Graymoor lacked to make it the ideal place for the establishment of a religious institute." In his eagerness to see it he hardly waited long enough to greet the Sisters but was off with Mr. Davis to climb the thickly wooded mountainside.

Father Wattson was not disappointed. There spread the Hudson River in the distance, nestling among the Highlands like a lake in Scotland or Switzerland. Maple, dogwood, oak and white birch had been painted by none other than the Divine Artist in shaded hues of scarlet and gold. Stately cedars, hemlocks and pines were interspersed here and there, thus bringing out the brilliancy of their more gorgeous companions. Graymoor was a place of beauty!

In some undefinable way, the 36-year-old minister sensed in the harmonious scene a picture of his vocation and of his life's work. Enthusiastically and prophetically he cried out to the bewildered and astonished Mr. Davis, "This is the Mount of the Atonement. Here on this mountain must be the monastery of the Friars of the Atonement." His happiness was contagious. The carpenter caught the spirit of enthusiasm and, in turn, astounded Father Wattson by telling him that the farmer who owned the property would sell it for $300. The Friar had not one penny! Yet by the following spring God would have given the Mount of the Atonement into his keeping!

The next day, October 4, was a marked day on the Graymoor calendar. Bishop Coleman blessed the little chapel and house and dedicated it as a place set apart for the Religious who were to dwell there. One piece of ritual employed in blessing the new convent was specially significant. Bishop Coleman placed the keys in the hands of Mother Lurana to signify possession. Though nothing was given in writing, it was clearly understood on the part of the trustees, who had invited the Mother Foundress to make her foundation at Graymoor, that in erecting her convent upon the tiny bit of land adjoining the mission church, the control and direction of the mission were to pass into the hands of the Sisters of the Atonement. The lack of a legal deed would be the cause of much sorrow to Mother Lurana in years to come.

Although the convent was blessed on the Feast of the Seraphic Patriarch, there was still some work to be done so that the Sisters did not take actual possession until Saint Luke's Day, October 18. They worked through most of the night of the 17th, lining the tabernacle and making the chapel otherwise ready for the worship of God.

Father Wattson presided at those services in the little chapel which had been named Our Lady of the Angels. It was a long, low room with beamed ceilings and walls of unvarnished wood. The upper end which formed the sanctuary was built out beyond the level of the house. The altar was furnished with two gradines, while on either side of the tabernacle stood figures of angels in an attitude of adoration. Back of the altar hung a dossal of dark red velvet with designs of ancient tapestry; Our Lord on the cross, our Blessed Mother, Saint John, Saint Francis, and another saint in the vestments of a Bishop, perhaps Saint Bonaventure. This piece of workmanship, which was very old, had been brought from Europe by a friend of the Community. There was no claim to architectural beauty for the chapel, yet it had a beauty and charm of its own.

Almost immediately following the opening of the convent, Sister Martha, in dread of the approaching winter on account of her delicate health, had gone to Colorado in a vain quest for renewed health and strength. She was not to return to Graymoor until the end of the following May. Viola Carr, the companion of Mother Lurana on her coming to Graymoor, had already returned to Warwick, for she had never intended to enter the Community. This left the Mother Foundress with one postulant and it is to her she referred when writing a newsy letter to Sister Martha after the Christmas festival:

"Your letter has been delayed this time, but Christmas was as all-absorbing here in the woods, it seems, as in the old days of parish work in the crowded city. About our benefactors you will want to know.

"A very characteristic box from the Hassells and a long black stocking of nuts and candies. How I really did laugh! I could not help it, all by myself, too. Sister Mary Emily was in retreat, but she tells me that she was much amused to hear that sound down in the cellar. She was up in the refectory.

"Then came a larger box of groceries from Miss Elliot, her sister and Miss Redmond, and Miss Redmond also sent five dollars for a turkey. However, the money came too late to get one as it was Saturday night. So the first part of our dinner was rather frugal, but there was an abundance of sweets, fruit cake, fruit pudding, nuts and candies.

"In the evening of Saint John's Day the children had a little treat in the schoolhouse. The Father planned and arranged things. I went down to play some hymns. Miss Redmond sent a box of boy's toys and the late rector's wife in Warwick had written asking if I could dispose of some dolls and books. So I at once told her of the school treat. We had not expected to have so many presents. Altogether it was a great success.

It can be seen from the foregoing letter that both Founders were eager to carry out the Master's pleading: "Let the little ones come to Me." In Albany, Mother Lurana had taught them in Sunday school, had attended them in the hospital and had visited them in their poor homes. Father Wattson had done much the same in his parishes in Kingston and in Omaha.

Soon after, the Mother Foundress and the novice were working on another brown habit, that of the Father Founder. Both Founders had been searching for a symbol that would be characteristic of their Society and its vocation. The Passionists had their badge of the Passion; the Redemptorists, their large crucifix. Sister Martha, who was something of an artist, had submitted for their approval a drawing of a double triangle known as the Seal of Solomon. An ancient Jewish emblem, it had been adopted by the early Christian Church as a symbol of the Blessed Trinity.

The Mother Foundress may have remembered seeing that symbol as it stood out in bas-relief, covering the walls of Saint Francis Basilica in Assisi, or perhaps she had noticed it in golden outline gracing the huge pillars of the Basilica of Saint Clare in the same city. Be that as it may, both Founders liked it for its traditional significance and its symbolism of their own and their Society's vocation. They adopted it.

The triangle downward represents the Deity decending to our humanity, thus accomplishing the Atonement, while the triangle ascending denotes the lifting up of the same humankind to the Divinity, thus making possible the At-one-ment. The triangle as a whole represents God the Father, to Whose Divine Will the members of the Society are to be lovingly submissive. Within the triangle is the outline of a Heart, symbolic of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, with Which the members are to have such union that their own hearts may burn with God's love and an adent zeal for the salvation of souls. The Star within the Heart symbolizes the Holy Spirit, to Whose guidance they are to yield themselves in all things. The entire design is worked in red on the habit in honor of the Precious Blood of the Atonement shed for us on Calvary and perpetuated in every Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

The anticipated joy of a candidate for the religious habit has become proverbial. It may seem strange to learn, therefore, that Father Wattson experienced no such joy. Instead, a vague fear and apprehension took possession of him. Yet he did not flinch. Bearing in mind how the knights of old received their armor, he kept watch alone till midnight in the Chapel of Our Lady of the Angels. Then, "while the night was in the midst of her course," he assumed the brown Franciscan habit, receiving it, as if from the invisible hand of God. He had himself chosen the day, January 25, 1900, feast of the great Apostle and Missionary, Saint Paul. "I do not remember," he said, "anything in my experience that was more truly a cross than the putting on of that habit, and I shall never forget the real crucifixion it was to walk in it for the first time, not long after, along the streets of New York. For having assumed it, there was no authority in the Episcopal Church to give me a dispensation to take it off and put on secular attire when I went abroad into the world."

Sometime during the late winter or early spring months there came to the convent an aspirant of whom Mother Lurana could say, "She was my right hand. She was the most humble and interior Religious I have ever met." Thus far in the career of Graymoor's Foundress, the utter lack of an intimate, understanding friend among her companions had been most evident. According to our human standards she had been alone in her search for her ideals. Now God was to give her a friend, loyal, faithful and strong; strong with a strength very like her own. In the future Sister Mary Anna, S.A., Mother Lurana was to have, for nine short years, one whom she could truly term "my right hand."

This rarely gifted woman belonged to one of the first families of Virginia. Her father, General John G. Walker, had served with distinction as a commander of the Army of Northern Virginia in close association with the celebrated General "Stonewall" Jackson during the Civil War. Sophie Anna Walker was born at Fort Union, an Army post in New Mexico, and General Robert Lee, afterward commander-in-chief of the Confederate forces, stood beside the infant in the capacity of godfather at her baptism.

It was not for nothing that Anna came from a family of soldiers. As a little girl, her behavior was usually good, but there were off moments. One of these occurred when she was about nine years of age. She and her younger sister had disagreed upon some vital, childish question. Words led to slaps and slaps to hair pulling. Their governess entered the room to find her younger charges immersed in a minature civil war. She laid the blame at Anna's door and as a punishment commanded her to choose a verse from Holy Scripture which she was to write five hundred times. Minutes moved on slowly as Anna laboriously copied her penance. When the horrified governess peered over the little girl's shoulder she read the first verse of Psalm 143, "Blessed be the Lord my God Who teacheth my hands to fight and my fingers to war." The young warrior had chosen wisely and well!

Very near the close of our country's Civil War, General Walker placed his wife and family on board a blockade runner which escaped the vigilance of the Federal battleships. They were transferred to an English vessel, and so it happened that the future Sister of the Atonement passed the greater part of her girlhood in England. After some years she returned to Virginia with her family. She did not remain, however, because while abroad she had conceived an attraction to the religious life which overbore all opposition, and at the age of 29 she returned to England to enter the novitiate of the Anglican community of All Saints Sisters of the Poor. Owing to her American birth, Sister Mary Anna was later transferred to one of their houses in Philadelphia.

Here she received the spiritual ministrations of the celebrated Father Maturin, who followed his own Catholic teachings to their logical conclusion, entered the Catholic Church and was ordained priest. Helped by Father Maturin's preaching, Sister Mary Anna's vocation developed more and more on contemplative lines; so much so, in fact, that under spiritual direction she at length sought in the mixed life at Graymoor what had been withheld from her in the very active life of an All Saints' Sister. She drank deeply of the things of the Atonement and of Saint Francis, until she was saturated and imbued to the full with the seraphic ideals and the Society's devotion to the Holy See. It is to her pen that we own many of the memories of Graymoor's early days.

Four or five rooms in the front part of the convent had been designed as the guests' quarters. The dining room measured about three by seven feet. The narrow wooden table was attached to the wall and from all accounts the means were often as frugal as the table was narrow. Yet the visitors who came to Graymoor were charmed with Lady Povertys' domain. One such guest was Miss Mary Buxton, the deck companion of the Mother Foundress on her return trip from England. Owing to Mother Lurana's interest and prayers this young English woman regained her faith in Christianity. During her few day's stay at Graymoor in the early part of 1900, Miss Buxton visited every nook and corner of the convent grounds and even climbed the steep hillside to the top of the mountain. She ascertained the price of the land but said nothing of her purpose. Soon after she set sail again for England.

This month of Our Lady was but three days old. Father Wattson had just ended a week's retreat during which a neat pile of letters had accumulated, one of which bore the postmark of Birmingham, England. This letter had been written by Dr. William Taylor, a noted surgeon of that city, and brother-in-law of Miss Buxton. Enclosed was the tidy sum of 60 English pounds or $300 in our currency. This, the doctor explained, was

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the joint gift of Miss Buxton, his wife and himself. They were so overjoyed and consoled at her return to the Anglican communion, they wished to give substantial evidence of their gratitude to God. He wrote:

"My sister-in-law has told me of the Community which you are forming, and especially of the mount which you are desirous of securing for the site of a monastery. My wife and I wish to join her in sending the amount for the purchase of this. Miss Buxton is sending half the amount and we, the other half. In giving this we simply give it to God and His service and would like to be assured that in so far as any right legal instruments can make it so, the land shall be forever used in trust for God and remain His. I understand that the purchase money is $300 which I herewith enclose."

The doctor asked that upon its summit there might be erected a Franciscan monastery wherein holy religion would flourish and thrive; a monastery where God would be loved and Our Lady venerated. Dr. Taylor's love for Our Lady was very sincere.

The Father Founder lost no time in purchasing the property. Without any premeditation on anyone's part, the deed that transferred the Mount of the Atonement over to the Society was executed at noon on Ascension Day, thus associating the Mount of the Atonement with the Mount of Olives, or Peace.

That the picturesque hillside should one day belong to the Friars of the Atonement, Father Wattson had never doubted. That the thank offering of Miss Buxton should have come on the Feast of the Holy Cross, the third day of Mary's month; that the Mount should actually have been purchased on the glorious Feast of the Ascension; these facts were to both Founders occasions of deepest joy. They were not happy coincidences, lucky stars or mere chances. They were the gracious tender giving of the best of Fathers. All through Graymoor's story one may trace the spiritual keenness of the Founders in detecting the loving hand of God Who was guiding them so mightily and sweetly.

The Father Founder invited the Sisters to the Mount on the afternoon of Ascension Day, May 24. There on a huge, rocky eminence which jutted out over the valley, and which they promptly christened Our Lady's Rock, they united in the most sublime act of thanksgiving ever uttered by human lips, Mary's *Magnificat*. "My soul doth magnify the Lord."

Three weeks later, on the Feast of Corpus Christi, Father Wattson erected a tall cedar cross on the very apex of the mountain. There it still stands today, reinforced by a cement base, its protecting arms stretching over the Mount and the valley and reaching out to embrace the far-flung missions of the Friars and Sisters of the Atonement wherever they may be in the world.

## Chapter 6—Shepherdess of Wandering Sheep

THE carpenters were busy again at the convent, for postulants were seeking admission and there was not sufficient space in Saint Francis House. A year had gone by since the Bishop had blessed the building and had given the young Foundress the title of "Mistress Guardian," which name and office she held until her final profession and installation as the Mother, on October 4, 1900.

She had now come to the desired moment when she might publicly make the vows which she had promised silently to God as an Anglican Sister of the Holy Child. The High Mass (Anglican) took place early in the morning. The day was a dreary one outside, rainy and cold, but inside the tiny chapel was a glow of warmth and color. The little company gathered together was too happy to be conscious of the conditions outside these four walls.

With a deeper consciousness of its meaning, doubtless, all listened attentively to the collect for Saint Francis Day, "O God, Who by the worthy deed of Blessed Francis, hast enriched Thy Church with a new offspring, grant that after his example, despising earthly things we may ever be made partakers of Thy heavenly gifts."

Because of her great love for Saint Francis, the Mother Foundress wished to bear his name in religion. It was therefore decided that the Father Founder would likewise assume the name of the Poverello and that they would hand it down as a tradition of the Congregation that the Superior of the Friars and also of the Sisters should always bear Francis as a surname for the entire Society. Some time later, Father Paul discovered the meaning of Lurana, the baptismal name of the Foundress, derived from a Greek root. A free translation would be "loosed or pardoned by the sprinkling of blood," which in one word signifies "Atonement." Thus the names of the Mother Foundress, Lurana Mary Francis embodied her very vocation; Lurana, Atonement; Mary, her Mother and Model; Francis her ideal of Poverty.

About this time Father Paul outlined for Mother Lurana what he had slowly come to recognize as the Unity vocation of the Society. He felt that the immediate duty of the Graymoor Friars and Sisters was to show their fellow Anglicans the false position of the Church of England; and to aid them to "repair the breach" by seeking to be corporately reunited again with the Holy See as the divinely constituted center of Christian unity.

With that clear foresight that was ever hers, the Mother Foundress pointed out what the two communities might expect if they should deliver such an unpopular message. "Do you realize," she asked, "to what persecutions, ostracism and peril of annihilation you will be exposing the Society of the Atonement by undertaking such a propaganda?"

"Yes," came Father Paul's swift answer, "I think I do. Nevertheless if our witness is from God, sooner or later it will prevail though the whole world be against us."

Absolutely at-one in faith and conviction with the Father Founder, Mother Lurana was utterly and indomitably loyal. She stood by the true Atonement ideal and *never* wavered nor was uncertain in her witness to it.

The Graymoor pioneers did not have long to wait to show a concrete and practical manifestation of their belief in the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. The sun beamed down benevolently from a cloudless sky on the Feast of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception. Once more Bishop Coleman visited Graymoor, this time to bless and dedicate the new Friary. Just previous to the ceremony, the Father Founder announced that the name of the new building would be Saint Paul's Friary and that it would be dedicated in honor of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. While driving the Bishop to the station that afternoon, Father Paul took the occasion to acquaint him with the belief of the Society in the dogmas of the Church of Rome. Bishop Coleman was greatly distressed by the news and within a few days he wrote to the Father Founder explaining his own position and denying his belief in the two latest defined doctrines of the Church, namely, Papal Infallibility and the Immaculate Conception.

The Anglican Bishop was not alone in his unbelief. Many of the ministry as well as the laity shared his views. Amelia Evans, who entered Graymoor as a postulant on the last day of the year 1900, was among them.

Her story goes back to Omaha days, when Father Wattson as head of the Associate Mission had made the acquaintance of her family. Amy, her pet name at home, was one of a group whom Father Paul had trained as lay catechists to assist him in his Sunday school classes both in the city itself and in the surrounding country districts. One day on her way home from the theater, Amy was thrown from a trolley car. When the doctor arrived on the scene he pronounced the girl dead. Mr. Evans refused to believe that his favorite child was no more. He would not give his consent to call the undertaker. The doctor's verdict could be wrong! He refused to have one step taken until the Reverend Pastor prayed over his daughter. He knew him to be a man of prayer.

He had heard Mrs. Wattson tell of her son's great gift of prayer from the time he was a little lad. How he had been summoned to the bedside of a boy his own age who lay dying and afraid, but kept calling over and over again for Lewis! How he remained throughout that night until his companion had given back his soul to God in a peaceful passing. Practical relatives and friends agreed to humor Amy's father to a certain extent, while they went ahead with their own plans. One sent an account of the young girl's accident and death to the daily press; another ordered a magnificent floral wreath; a third chose the coffin. Mr. Evans took no part in these preparations; he asked only that a messenger be sent to Father Wattson.

Father Wattson was making his parish calls in the country, so that it was some time before he learned of the sad event. He hurried to the city, but stopped long enough at the Mission house to dip two or three pieces of cotton in some vegetable oil which he always kept burning before a statue of Our Lady. In a ceremony resembling outwardly our Sacrament of Extreme Unction, Father Wattson anointed the girl and then knelt down to pray. Mr. Evans watched, hopefully, prayerfully. Suddenly he became aware of a slight twitching of his daughter's mouth. He insisted that the doctor be called again. Because Mr. Evans was his friend and in sorrow, the doctor came back immediately. Once more he examined the patient. Then, like a far-off echo of that Voice which raised the daughter of Jairus, he said, "The girl is not dead."

A day or two later, Amelia Evans had the unique delight of sitting propped up in bed, her enraptured parents at her side, an exquisite floral wreath at her feet, chuckling heartily as she read her own death notice. Father Wattson tried to impress on her the part God's Mother had played in her recovery. Amy would not be convinced. There was nothing in the Scriptures to countenance such devotion! It was nothing less than idolatry, she maintained, to say that Mary could hear the prayers of her clients. If people were constantly praying to her, as Father Wattson said they were, and if she could hear and answer all the prayers at the same time, she would be nothing short of Divine. The zealous minister brought forth every argument he could think of in favor of the Mother of God. Amelia would not believe.

After his return East, he received a telegram one day signed "Amelia Evans." Would he pray for her father and sister who were dying of pneumonia? Of course he would pray and did pray, but he took the opportunity of telling her that if she had enough faith in his poor prayers to send a telegram halfway across the continent, surely a prayer-telegram would reach God's Mother much more rapidly and with far better results. Mrs. Evans and his older daugher did recover to the astonishment of the doctors. Still Amelia would not use a rosary, nor would she "pray to the Virgin." But she was sincere, even in her obstinacy, and little by little the light of faith and a growing love for Mary came to her. When she heard of Mother Lurana's new Community at Graymoor, she felt she could do no less for God than dedicate to Him the life which He had so wondrously spared. We find the Father Founder writing to her under date of August 1900:

"Your letter came to me on the octave day of the Feast of the Assumption, and it was Our Lady's answer to my oft-repeated request that she would, by her power with God, bring you at last to see and believe that she is your own dear Mother in Heaven, and during all these months and years she has been watching over you with a Mother's tenderest love and care. Now you are convinced of this, and I am so glad. Our dear Lord Himself will mean more to you, now that He has enriched your spiritual life with the added devotion and love you will henceforth increasingly experience toward His Virgin Mother. It makes me very happy to think of your coming to Graymoor so soon, and I trust indeed your Father will be able to secure a pass for you."

When Amelia had been at Graymoor but a few weeks, she was assigned to the sacristy. The first of February saw her busier than usual, for though the chapel was tiny, was it not the eve of the sweet Feast of the Purification? And would not every vase be thoroughly scoured, every bit of brass and metal polished till it glistened, every vestment and linen for the ceremonies pressed and set out? Was she thinking of Mary as she moved to and fro from chapel to sacristy? Did she realize now how utterly impossible it was to try to separate Mother from Son? If she thought of the Feast as the Presentation in the Temple, it was Mary who presented Him. If she named it the Purification, again it was Mary who was the bearer of the Uncreated Light.

We do not know what thoughts came to her as the day went on. We do know it was a very tired but happy postulant who tiptoed up the two flights of stairs to her attic cell with its newly-made window. She could never tell afterward how long she had been asleep. She did remember thinking upon awakening, "I must have forgotten to blow out the candle." Instantly she realized that the light in her room was brighter than candlelight; brighter than daylight. It was a brightness such as she had never before seen. And in the midst of this glowing radiance, there at the foot of her bed stood "a most beautiful Lady." Never had Amelia seen such loveliness, such goodness, such beauty. Her red mantle wrapped around her, the Lady came nearer. In her hand she held a Heart and in an attitude of love and motherly devotion, she offered that Heart to the young postulant.

Amelia at a later period, writing under obedience said: "My first thought was, 'I'm dreaming,' but when she disappeared the cell was in darkness. I lay awake thinking over the strange happening, but feeling sure that it was Our Lady who had come to show me she loved me, and that I was to love her more and more." The unbelievable had happened to common-sense, practical Amelia Evans. Someone has described her as a little bird, alert and eager to do the very next thing that had to be done. If Sister Mary Anna was the "Mary" of the Mother Foundress, Sister Amelia was her "Martha." Years later when she was Superior of Saint Clare's Settlement House in New York, a city judge said to her, "If Sister Amelia is transacting that business, it will go through. She is not one to buy a pig in a blanket." Needless to say, from that memorable February second, this

*See back cover for details*

favored child of Mary prayed her rosary more and more often, in tender love of God's Holy Mother. The heavenly Shepherdess had once more shown herself a Mother and had gathered in another wandering sheep who did not even know it was wandering.

When Amelia acquainted the Founders with this wondrous event, they were more than happy. Our Lady's mantle was red, red for the Atoning Blood of her Son. They were happy too, because they believed that even as Saint John represented the whole human race when Mary became his Mother at the foot of the Cross, so too Amelia Evans symbolized the Society of the Atonement on that Purification Feast in 1901.

On the other hand, they certainly were not unduly influenced by this experience, for they knew there are as great and safer marvels of God's dealings with His people in the shaping of their lives. "Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed." With filial submission they always yielded to the decision of the Church. But as early as July 20, 1901, the Feast of Our Lady of the Atonement was kept at Graymoor, and in 1946 the Holy See graciously gave its full approval to devotion to Our Lady of the Atonement. This approval includes a special Mass and Office for the Feast of Our Lady of the Atonement, July 9; the Church's blessings and indulgences on the Rosary League, the Novena and the Litany in honor of our Atonement Queen.

Devotion to Our Lady and the Unity or At-one-ment vocation of the Society became so intertwined that they complement each other throughout Graymoor's story. During the year 1901, the Reverend Mr. Barnes invited Father Paul to give a mission in St. Barnabas Episcopal Church, Brooklyn. The Father Founder prepared to do a most daring thing, he would preach on the Infallibility of the Pope! Mother Lurana and her Sisters could not preach but they could assist Father Paul by their prayers, and they could enlist the prayers of their friends. In addition to outlining his sermons, the Father Founder, in union with Mother Lurana, inaugurated the Rosary League of Our Lady of the Atonement. Already her Graymoor children were calling her by her new name! The League then began as an impromptu organization to bring together all those who would be willing to say three Hail Marys each day for the success of the mission. The results were so gratifying that subsequent meetings were held and a New York chapter organized with Miss Florence Locke, afterwards Sister Mary Francis, S.A., as secretary. It was the duty of the secretary to inform the several members of the chapter which particular mystery of the Seven Joys or Seven Sorrows they were to recite daily. Thus they constituted a living chaplet and guaranteed the recitation of the entire Franciscan rosary each day.

Mrs. Nealis, a devoted friend, presented a design for a medal in honor of Our Lady of the Atonement, which was unanimously accepted by the members. (Reverend Mother Nealis, of the Sacred Heart Nuns, whose beautifully spiritual and artistic religious pictures have given such an impetus to Catholic art, is the daughter of this Mrs. Nealis.) The oval-shaped medal bears the raised figure of Our Lady wearing a crown, surrounded by yet another circlet of stars. In her arms she carries the Christ Child, Who holds a cross in His right hand. On the border is the inscription "Our Lady of the Atonement" and "Ecce Mater Tua" (Behold thy Mother). The reverse side of the medal has the insignia of the Society, sTa. The T is the Franciscan Tau Cross. S.A. represents the Society of the Atonement under the beams of the Cross. Above the insignia we read "Rosary League" and beneath, "Oct. 7, 1901," the date of the League's founding.

As new members swelled the ranks in those early days, the secretarial work became quite extensive, so much so that it was decided to print a periodical, *Rose Leaves*. This was a dainty pink-covered magazine, thoroughly Catholic in content. What has grown out of its sowing strikingly illustrates God's beautiful way of bringing big things out of little ones. Not only did THE LAMP grow out of *Rose Leaves* but also one mighty far-reaching work of the Church is to be traced back directly to a single copy of *Rose Leaves*.

Much like the arrow shot at a venture, a random copy of *Rose Leaves* sped across the Pacific Ocean to Japan and penetrated the study of the Reverend Arthur Lloyd, M.A., President of Saint Paul's College and next in authority to the Bishop in the Anglican missionary jurisdiction of Tokyo. The tiny tract with the pink cover fascinated the scholar and missionary. He wrote to the Mother Foundress acknowledging its receipt. This led to further correspondence until the Reverend Mr. Lloyd became a convinced advocate of the principles of corporate reunion. As a practical advocate expression of his belief in the Rock of Peter as the center of Unity, the President of Saint Paul's had taken to paying Peter's Pence. An article on this very subject cost him his position as President of the college.

By the appointment of the reigning Emperor of Japan, who held him in high esteem, he became a professor in the Imperial University and on the occasion of sending his periodical offering of Peter's Pence to Pope Pius X at the close of the Russo-Japanese War, he ventured to recommend to the Supreme Pontiff the wisdom of writing a letter to the Mikado, thanking him for the considerate treatment which the Catholic soldiers had received at the hands of the Emperor during the course of the war.

The Holy Father, in his humility and zeal for souls, accepted the suggestion and commissioned Bishop (later Cardinal) O'Connell of Boston as his ambassador. The American prelate was graciously received by the Mikado and the direct result of the embasssy was the establishment by consent of the Emperor of a Catholic University in Tokyo, which was placed in charge of the Jesuits. Down labyrinthine ways, *Rose Leaves* led to the establishment of the Catholic University in Tokyo. While her husband was prostrated with illness brought on by the persecution he suffered for conscience sake in Tokyo, Mrs. Lloyd wrote to the Mother Foundress, "Don't send my husband any more of those little, pink tracts!"

After the Society entered the Catholic Church, *Rose Leaves* gave way to THE LAMP, but it had fulfilled its purpose! Many a soul loved Our Lady and the Church her Son had founded more dearly because of the *Rose Leaves* scattered far and wide from her own garden in Graymoor.

The founding of Our Lady's Rosary League in 1901 was not the only outstanding event at Graymoor during that year. There were other eventful days. Sophie Anna Walker became Sister Mary Anna on her Investiture Day, June 7, which occurred during the octave of Corpus Christi. How the Feast of the Blessed Sacrament itself was kept has come down to us in a program drawn up by the Father Founder, a program that might have been carried out in any Catholic parish. Over and over again we have to remind ourselves that Graymoor was still in the Anglican communion.

*(Continued next month)*

# At St. Anthony's Feet

ST. ANTHONY'S DAY IN JERUSALEM. The feast of the saint is celebrated as a holy day in Jerusalem, though not of obligation. Devout worshippers kneel at his beautifully decorated altar to ask for some grace or confide to him some trouble. Orthodox Greeks and Moslems also visit the shrine to implore the saint's intercession. Many bring oil for lamps or candles to be burned before his altar, a particular custom among Orientals.

One day the sacristan who was working in the sacristy heard the bleating of sheep outside the church.

When he went to investigate he found that a group of Moslem men and women were standing before the altar of St. Anthony, hold a sheep by a rope. When asked what they wanted, they told the Franciscan brother that they had made a vow to *Mar Antoun*—as they called him in Arabic—for a sick child and they had come to fulfill their promise and thank the saint for the grace received. The sheep was a thank offering to St. Anthony.

MINIATURE FRIARS. A singular devotion to St. Anthony is prevalent in the Middle East, especially among the Catholic Arabs in Jerusalem. When a little boy is of delicate health his parents make a vow to consecrate him to St. Anthony for a year or two. The child is then brought to church and invested by the priest with a small Franciscan habit, at the altar of St. Anthony and usually on his feast day. As long as the vow lasts the child wears no other clothes except his Franciscan habit. Even Moslems have adopted this Catholic practice when they fear for the life of their children, for it seems that none of these little ones dies so long as he wears the Franciscan garb in honor of St. Anthony. When the period of the vow is passed the child is again brought to church and given secular clothes. Little girls are offered to the Blessed Virgin in the same manner and are clothed in a blue garment with a white veil in honor of Our Lady.

ALMOST A CENTURY AGO. The following incident took place in Jerusalem almost a hundred years ago. A Moslem was paralyzed and unable to move. One day he heard of a great sheik among the Christians who worked marvelous miracles. He seemed to feel a great confidence in him—St. Anthony—and said that if he could be brought to the church of the Franciscans he would be cured.

He asked some friends to carry him to the church on a litter and so the pilgrims made their way to the Catholic shrine. The friars were quite surprised at the men, but allowed them to enter and make their way to the statue of St. Anthony. The invalid began to invoke the saint that he might be cured of his palsy, that he might have the strength of his body restored to him. But at once the statue seemed to throw stones at the sick man and his companions. All were frightened and rushed for the church doors—even the man who had been paralyzed. Outside the Church they then realized that he was perfectly cured.

It would seem that the saint wished to make the Moslems understand that they were not worthy to enter the church because of the unbelief, but at the same time he rewarded the invalid for his confidence. The Friars as well as the Moslems witnessed the miracle and soon it was known all over Jerusalem.

ST. ANTHONY AT ALEPPO. During the American massacre in 1895 in Aleppo, the Arabs attacked the College of St. Anthony under the direction of Franciscan friars. When the friars realized their danger, they recited the prayer known as the Miraculous Responsory, begging for St. Anthony's assistance. The Arabs were about to destroy the gate of the college when a Moslem of high repute came and spoke to the rioting crowd. He told them they were doing wrong, because the men who conducted the college were dervishes who served God and who lived a life of chastity. He said that the friars were doing much good by educating young men not only Catholics, but also Moslems. He reminded them that the friars had helped the Moslem poor during a recent famine. And so the crowd dispersed and the college was saved.

IN PRAISE OF ST. ANTHONY. A great preacher once said that "the apostle is not only a man who knows the teachings of Christ, and who teaches by means of the word delivered; the apostle is a man who preaches Christianity with his whole being, and whose very presence is the appearance of another Christ." Such was St. Anthony of Padua. Or to quote Fr. Thomas Ward in his life of the saint: "To the preachings of the gospel he added the strict observance of the severest counsels and the

constant practice of fasting, of penance, and of prayer. It was by these means that he captivated countless followers: the just were strengthened, the slothful fired with zeal, sinners were converted, and heretics recognized their errors. At the comparatively early age of thirty-six years his earthly mission ended. After his death, even as during his life, wonders were wrought through his intercession. And now, after seven centuries have passed away, the great wonder-worker still spreads out his blessings on those who invoke him, with such profusion as is well calculated to encourage his devout servants to continue the offering of their homage."

FR. GODFREY SCHILLING, O.F.M. was a famous Franciscan friar who worked in Jersualem, built the famous Franciscan monastery in Washington, D.C. and labored in Cairo, Egypt as well. He had singular devotion to St. Anthony himself and in a little writing which we found recently, he declared: "As in time of old, St. Anthony wandered about in Italy preaching the word of God and working miracles, so in our day of unbelief, his spirit pervades the whole Catholic world, lavishing graces and heavenly favors upon the faithful, and teaching the people to look up to God with love and confidence if they would obtain His mercy. . . . No wonder that his activity has attracted world-wide attention and that in all parts of the globe, worshippers kneel at his statue, while the candles, lighted in his honor, denote the light of faith, which through him has again begun to shine with renewed splendor. †

*See back cover for details*

A completed Burse of Five Thousand Dollars insures the education of a Graymoor Friar and enables him to reach his goal—the Altar

# Uncompleted BURSES

Is YOUR PATRON SAINT among those listed below? There is no better way to honor your heavenly namesake than by contributing to the Burse bearing his or her name. It is by means of the Burses that young men are advanced to the Sacred Priesthood in the Graymoor Community.

## CONTRIBUTIONS FOR AUGUST 1957

**St. Margaret of Scotland:** $7,248.41
N.J. Province, $2740.15; Gr. 2, N.Y. $25; Boston Province, Mass., $1500.

**Sacred Heart:** 5,034.13
A.S., N.Y., $1.; Mrs. I.A., Mass., $2.; Miss A.C., $3,000.; Mrs. J. DeS., N.J., $25.

**St. Bernadette:** 4,634.00
Mrs. D.Q., N.J., $1.

**St. Ann:** 4,554.40
Mrs. I.A., Mass., $1.; F.F., L.I., $1.

**St. Pius X:** 4,186.98
M.A.F., N.Y., $1.; Mrs. F.D., N. Dak., $2.50; Mrs. H.G., Ill., $1.; Miss M.F., N.Y., $1.; Mrs. H.M., R.I., $1.

**Little Flower:** 4,059.91
Mrs. J. DuP., Pa., $1.; Anon, N.Y., $1.

**Infant of Prague:** 4,100.85
Mrs. K.B., N. J., $1.; Mrs. J. DuP., Pa.; $1.; L.B., N.H., $20.; Mrs. J.W., N.Y., $7.; K.G., Can., $5.; Anon, N.H., $20.

**St. Joseph:** 4,016.34
Mrs. M.N., R.I., $2.; Mrs. J. DuP., Pa., $1.; M.O. Calif., $2.; M.O., N.J., $1.

**O. L. of the Atonement:** $3,769.54
Mrs. B.M., Pa., $1.; T.M., Pa., $2.; C.J., N.Y. $1.

**O. L. of Perpetual Help** 3,107.30
Mrs. M.H., Mich., $5.; Mrs. G.G., Fla., $1.

**St. Jude** 3,058.22
Mrs. B.M., Pa., $1.; Mrs. L.H., Tex., $5; A.V., Mass., $10.; K.C., O., $2.; Mrs. J.A., N.Y., $3.; M.H., N.Y., $15.; Mrs. M.H. Mich., $5.; M.B., N.Y., $1.50; Mrs. J. DuP., Pa., $1.; Mrs. G. McC., Calif., $1.; Mrs. C.B., Nebr., $2.; Mrs. M.S., Pa., $1.; J.M., Mass., $5.; Mrs. T.B., O., $5.; Mrs. M.J., Calif., $10.; B. & B. McL., O., $5.; M.S., Pa., $1.; Mrs. J.D., Miss., $1.; P.S.; O., $2.

**St. Francis Xavier:** 3,023.60

**SS. Peregrin & Dymphna:** 2,889.29
H.C., N.Y., $10.; Mrs. R.S., N.H., $2.25; Mrs. O.Z., N.Y., $5.; Mrs. J. DeS., N.J., $25.; R.C., N.J., $25.;

**St. Matthias:** 2,464.76
O. L. of Atonement Guild, N.J., $150.

**Sacred Shoulder:** 2,255.95
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**O. L. of Miraculous Medal** 2,195.70
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Mrs. K.B. Calif., $2.; A.G., Mass., $5.; Mr. & Mrs. A.D., N.Y., Anon, Pa., $3.; J.R.M., N.Y., $1.; Mrs. C.B., Fla., $10.; Mrs. D.M., L.I., $1.; Miss B.B., N.J., $1.; B.N., Fla., $25.; P.K. Mich., $5.; Mrs. G.M., O., $5.; J.R., Nebr., $2.; Mrs. S.F., Pa., $1.; F.McS., Minn., $25.; D.S., N.Y., $10.; Mrs. A.A., O., $25.; Mrs. C.J.D., Ala., $5.; M.D., S.C., $5.; J.K., Mass., $1.; Mrs. J. DuP., Pa., $2.; M.O., Calif., $2.; K.W., Wis., $4.; E.W., N.Y., $2.; Mrs. C. O'R., Mass., $5.; Mrs. J.B., Mich., $1.; Mrs. J.W., N.J., $5.; Mrs. F.D., N. Dak., $2.50; J.G., Calif., $5.; Mrs. M.W., Ind., $1.; Mrs. G.McC., Calif., $1.; Mr. & Mrs. J.B., O., $1.; T.R.S., Mich., $5.; Mrs. J.S., Io., $5.; Mrs. A.S., Calif., $3.; Mr. & Mrs. E.A., N.J., $2.; Mrs. S.F., Pa., $1.; Miss M.O., N.J., $1.; G.S., Calif., $3.; Mrs. M.D., Mass., $10.; J. DeS., N.J., $25., E.S., N.Y., $10.; H.M., Conn., $7.50; Mrs. P.K., Io., $2.; Mrs. B.M., Pa., $2.; Mrs. L.H., Tex., $5.; Miss G.DeM., N.J., $5.; M.B., N.Y., $1.50.

**SS. Michael & Honora:** 2,007.50

**St. Rita:** 1,764.25
Miss G. DeM., N.J., $5.

**St. Raphael:** 1,320.66
Anon, Pa., $10.

**Father Drumgoole:** 1,137.10
W.A.N., N.J., $5.

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W.M., O., $10.

**All Saints:** 1,022.37
Mrs. H.S., Pa., $5.; W.C.Jr., N.J., $6.; Mrs. J. DeS., N. J., $25.

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**St. Patrick:** 968.03

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**St. Francis of Assisi:** 510.89

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**St. Christopher:** 460.90
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**Brother Philip:** 460.60
Anon, N.Y., $1.

**Five Holy Wounds:** 428.10
Mrs. A.G., N.J., $1.

**St. Gerard Majella:** 414.93

**Holy Family:** 383.00

**Mother Lurana, S. A.:** 375.65

**St. Margaret Mary:** 356.55
M.O., Calif., $2.

**St. Eugene:** 349.39

**Father Paul:** 336.35

**St. Philomena:** 292.00

**St. John the Apostle:** 290.06

**St. Maria Goretti:** 273.00
Anon, Pa., $1.; Mrs. M.M., Mass., $2.; Mrs. A.G., N.J., $1.; Mrs. J. DeS., N.J., $25.; Miss R.C., N.J., $25.; J.F., Pa., $10.

**O. L. of the Rosary:** 272.25

**St. Bridget of Ireland:** 235.20

**St. Vincent:** 207.00

**St. Mary Magdalene:** 196.50

**Brother Andre:** 160.00
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**SS. Adam & Eve:** 104.00

**St. Clare:** 86.20

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**St. Paul:** 77.70

**St. Teresa:** 65.60

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**O. L. of Faith:** 25.00

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will share in the prayers, sacrifices, and good works of
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GRAYMOOR

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**An ideal way in which to help your beloved dead is by enrolling them in the Graymoor Purgatorial Society. The living may also be enrolled and participate in the spiritual benefits during life and after death. These benefits are: Remembrance in 6,000 masses offered yearly for the Purgatorial members and a remembrance in 30,000 other masses, also in the prayers and the spiritual work of the Friars**

PURGATORIAL SOCIETY
Franciscan Friars of the Atonement, Graymoor, Garrison, New York

Full payment $_____ Partial payment $_____

Dear Father: Enclosed please find enrollment as I have indicated below:

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Single membership $5.00 Deceased

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# Graymoor's Annuity Plan

*"Come, Blessed of My Father"*

High on the list of great passages from Holy Scripture is the twenty-fifth chapter of our Lord's Gospel according to St. Matthew. There the Son of God describes what will happen on the last day when He shall return, in His Majesty, and escorted by all the Angels, to judge all nations from the throne of His Glory.

It will be a day of great confusion and personal shame for many, the day of wrath and mourning of which the funeral mass sings. But for the Blessed of God who will reign with Him forever, it will be the day of love's final and glorious triumph. To these Blessed Ones, whom the Angels will place on His Right Hand, the Lord of Life will say: "Come, . . . take possession of the Kingdom prepared for you . . . for I was hungry and you gave me to eat; I was thirsty and you gave me to drink; I was a stranger and you took me in; naked and you covered me; sick and you visited me."

To the members of His Mystical Body, these words of Christ do not seem strange. For we know that we are members of Christ, "Bone of His bones and flesh of His flesh," as St. Paul taught the first Christians. Blinded by the very Light of Christ, St. Paul was taught this great doctrine by Christ Himself on the road to Damascus.

After his conversion, St. Paul, Christ's great "vessel of election" traveled up and down Asia Minor, beset by dangers everywhere, and to all he brought the glorious truth that Christ is in the faithful Christian and the faithful Christian is in Christ. Once this great truth is known and accepted, we can better understand the Words of Christ on the last day to the Citizens of His Kingdom, "Inasmuch as you did it to the least of these my Brethren, you did it to me."

GRAYMOOR'S ANNUITY PLAN in teaching you the Wisdom that gives life, shows how you can administer to Christ in His Poor as you enjoy a good income during this life from your investment of one hundred dollars or more. When Christ gathers you to Himself, your gift to the Plan continues to endure as charity, which never dies, even beyond that day of Love's final and glorious triumph when you shall receive from the King of Glory the Crown of Eternal Life.

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Graymoor, Garrison, New York

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